THE TEMPLE

THE

HOLIDAY GEM.

THE

HOLIDAY GEM:

FOR GIRLS.

EMBELLISHED WITH FINE ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA:

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,

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PREFACE.

To supply the demand which the customs of society make upon us, at this season of the year, it is necessary to prepare something out of the usual course of our publications.

For most of the articles composing the present volume, we are indebted to a lady, who has often contributed to the instruction and entertainment of our readers. The "*School Dame and the Village Pet*"—"*The two New Years' Days*"—"*The Sabbath-school Scholar turned Teacher*," and "*The New Grave Yard*," are substantially narratives of actual occurrences. The other portions of the volume speak for themselves.

If it shall be the means of innocent gratification and moral improvement to our young friends, the design of the compilation will be fully answered.

CONTENTS.

THE SCHOOL DAME,

AND

THE VILLAGE PET.

"Who was it that laughed aloud?" said Dame Wheeler, as she looked around the school-room. No one answered; and as her black eye glanced from face to face, a perfect stillness reigned through the room. The first one who timidly raised her eyes was Amy Buel, a little rosy-cheeked girl who was very apt to be engaged in any sport or fun that was going on in the room.

"Ay! Amy Buel, I thought as much!" said the dame—"I'm not so deaf yet, but that I know your laugh. Come here."

"Oh, Dame Wheeler," said the child, as she hastened to the old lady's side, "I am very sorry, but indeed I could not help it. I love you dearly, and cannot bear to make you

angry;" (and as she raised her large eyes and met the steady gaze of her teacher, they were filled with tears;) "but it was so funny to see you trying so long to thread the point of Rhoda Shepherd's needle;" and as she said this, her roguish eyes sparkled again with laughter.

"Oh," said she, "that is it, is it?" her own countenance relaxing into a smile,—"you were laughing at your poor old teacher, because her sight is not as keen as it used to be. Well, I shall not punish you for it, though to be sure your mother would never have done so at your age. You are the very picture of what your dear mother was, when she stood by my knee and read her lesson." And as the old lady parted the child's hair over her fair forehead, and dismissed her to her seat, she took off her glasses and wiped her dim eyes, for Amy's mother was no longer a dweller upon earth.

Venerable dame! She was now instructing the second, and some of the third generation of children, in her own native town; and no one, not even the revered pastor himself, had done more, perhaps, to influence and mould the character of the inhabitants of the place.

Dame Wheeler was brought up among the hills of New England, and belonged to a family whose ancestors were some of the hardy and temperate settlers of that district of our country. She esteemed it a higher honour to name such as her forefathers, than to have traced her descent through a long line of gentry or nobles, lords or even kings. Her father "was a tiller of the ground." His habits, as well as those of the inhabitants of New England generally, were simple and unostentatious in the extreme. Hardy and trained to labour, they wrought with their own hands, and cultivated a soil which required much toil to render it productive.

But let it not be thought, with all this, that such were men of uncultivated minds. Far from it—for though, in those days, there were fewer books than there are at this time, such as they had were carefully read, or rather studied. Not only works of divinity, but those of history and poetry were read and appreciated. Of the former, the works of Owen, Fuller, Flavel, Baxter, and many others, were found on the shelves of their libraries. While following the plough, their minds were actively employed in studying the deep things of

Scripture—and closer thinkers or better reasoners the world never produced, than were to be found among the farming population of New England.

The pastors of those days were men of strong constitutions, sound minds, and clear heads. It required such men to preach to the farming population of New England; for those subjects which form the theme of pulpit instruction, were the daily meditation and study of the pious farmers, as they felled the forest or opened the furrows; and during the hours of suspension from toil they were talked about in the family circle.

Dame Wheeler grew up, accomplished in all that it was thought necessary for a woman to know in her situation of life—that is, with an education exactly fitted for the duties before her. She married a man of great worth of character, and had not long been comfortably settled in her own dwelling, when the war of the Revolution commenced. Her husband, with a patriotism common at the time, volunteered his services for the good of his beloved country, and left his home never again to return; for he fell in a skirmish during the first year of the war. His young

widow was left with scanty means; for although she owned her house, with its garden, orchard, field and pasture, this was nearly her all; and in order to maintain herself, as well as from a laudable desire to be usefully occupied, she complied with the request of her friends, and, fitting up one of her little rooms for a school, she there instructed the children of the village.

She was, at the time our story commences, instructing the descendants of those who had been her first pupils. She often remarked, as she significantly shook her head, that the present generation had sadly degenerated; that the children were lacking in deference to age, and in an orderly and respectful manner toward superiors. She often told Sally Smith, "that her mother would as soon have cut off her tongue as have said 'yes' or 'no,' to a person entitled to her respect;" or said to Betsy Day, "that her mother always minded the first time she was spoken to;" or reproved Martha Peck, by saying, "that she could not have believed that a daughter of Patty Norton, (which was the maiden name of Martha's mother,) "would have shown such ill-manners as to have stood by the road-side, when a carriage

full of people passed by, and not have made a curtsy."

Nor were the girls alone the subjects of her censure. She made Billy Young ashamed of his tears, when he cried because his hands were cold. "Ah!" said she, "your father had to sit in the very back part of the room a whole winter, and did not ask once to come to the fire to warm." "Your fathers," said she, addressing the boys, "kept themselves warm by hard study when in school, and by hard play when out; and so might you if you were worth half what they were."

Dame Wheeler was firmly of the opinion, that parental authority and necessary discipline had sadly relaxed since her early days. "In those primitive times," she said, "children knew how to behave with propriety. Then, they stood up in the presence of their parents and elders, and spoke only when spoken to. Those were the days when children were *seen*, and *not heard;* when, if they were told to do or not to do a certain thing, they obeyed without asking the reason why." Perhaps, she might have added, that those were days when reserve and strictness were carried too far on the part of parents, towards their

children—when there was too little of mutual confidence; but are not these the days when the error is on the other extreme?

But think not from all this, that Dame Wheeler was stern or austere to her young pupils. Far otherwise. She felt for each one, the love and tenderness of a mother. They were very dear to her if it were only for their parents' sake, and they in return, regarded her with sincere love and respect. It was an interesting scene to see her surrounded by her young charge.* There she sat, in her high-back chair; her form once erect, but now a little bent with age, and her whole appearance truly dignified. The clean muslin cap, with its simple band—her snow white neck-kerchief, her tidy apron, all showed a proper regard to personal appearance. At her side might be seen a little girl with folded hands, seriously attentive to her task, while on the old lady's knee lay a bunch of rods, intended rather as a badge of her office, than for actual use; though I must in truth add, that if the milder forms of punishment, (such as standing on the bench, or in extreme cases wearing the

* See Frontispiece.

dunce cap,) were not sufficient to bring the erring child to the performance of duty, the rods were called for and used.

Dame Wheeler did not attempt to teach much else than spelling, reading and sewing, with the addition of the catechism. But if the instruction was simple, it was thorough. Her pupils were perfect in spelling and in reading—minded not only the *little words*, but the commas and periods; and in the use of the needle they far exceeded the children of the present day. The stitching, hemming, felling and overhand work of the children which she instructed, would even now do honour to a professed sempstress.

But Dame Wheeler was, as she said, getting too old to teach children—she had reached the age of seventy—and though she was still active, and her mind vigorous, she determined to put in practice her oft-repeated determination to "give up teaching as soon as the present quarter should be out." She had with care and economy laid up a little property, which was sufficient to maintain her during her declining years, and she *actually did* give up her school, which she had regularly taught for forty-three years.

But it was not long before she began to regret the step she had taken. She said, "she was lonely; that she missed her ordinary occupation; that she longed again for the sound of cheerful voices in the play ground, and the sight of happy faces in her school-room. Besides," said she, "I am useless. I am doing no good in the world. I am a drone in the hive."

Providence was then making ready a work of usefulness for good Dame Wheeler, and in his own way removing all obstacles, that his plan of mercy might be accomplished. He was preparing to show the truth of his own beautiful declaration, "he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

One of Dame Wheeler's earliest pupils was Rachel Millbrook. She was an orphan girl, and was brought up by an aunt, her only relative in the place. But though almost destitute of relatives she abounded in friends. She was a general favourite—THE VILLAGE PET. Wherever she went she met a ready welcome, and every house in the place might have been made her home. Nothing could be done, by old or young, of any importance, without Rachel's advice and assistance. She seemed

to be ready to answer every call, and to lend a willing ear to the recital of every one's troubles; in short, to rejoice in the prosperity, and sympathise in the woes of all. Thus, Rachel grew up to womanhood. She received what was then called a good education, and for general intelligence and information, she was surpassed by few in the circle of her acquaintance. She was also well trained in all household and domestic occupations. She could spin, weave and knit; was skilful with her needle, and understood all the mysteries of the dairy.

When it was rumoured that Squire Jones' oldest son was about to marry Rachel Millbrook, some persons, who placed a high value on what was, at that time, called wealth, said it was "a good match for her;" while the more knowing ones, among whom was Dame Wheeler, said she was "a great deal too good for him." Still, no one liked to take the responsibility of advising against it; and in time Rachel Millbrook became the wife of Seth Jones, eldest son of Thomas Jones, Esquire. He was a restless spirit, and thought no one who possessed any enterprise, would be willing to stay in New England; so nothing

would satisfy him but to seek his fortune in the "western world." His father tried to persuade him to remain among his kindred, and as an inducement, offered him a pleasant farm in the neighbourhood of his own residence; but this did not meet his views, and adhering to his first determination, he said with another of like spirit, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," and when his indulgent parent, who saw that farther remonstrance was useless, yielded to his request, "he gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country."

In a few months after her marriage, Rachel was the mistress of a log house, far from neighbours, surrounded by a dense forest; hundreds of miles from the home of her childhood: but the consciousness that her's was the path of duty, made it that of contentment; and her house was as tidy and comfortable as it was possible for it to be, under the circumstances in which she was placed.

Years passed by, and Rachel had never returned to visit her former home. Occasionally, at considerable intervals, news was received from her, accompanied by the assurance that she was contented and happy. Still,

had the whole truth been told, there would have been a tale to relate of many privations, trials and even hardships, that it fell to her lot to endure. But over these she never brooded.

Severe sickness visited the different members of her family, but though there was scarce ever a time when some one or more of their household were not suffering from disease; death made no breach in the family circle, till he came to bear away the loveliest and best—the most important member of the household—the faithful, affectionate wife—the tender, devoted mother! Four young children were thus left motherless in the wilderness; the eldest of whom was a girl of ten years of age—the youngest a babe of six months. When this infant, which was a very feeble child, was about a year old, the father, discouraged and enfeebled by disease, determined to revisit the home of his youth, with his little family. The eldest girl, with a discretion far beyond her years, assisted her father in the care of the younger children, which was a great charge—particularly that of little Susan, the babe. They were, indeed, a miserable looking group, when they reached the

place of their destination. Oh, how different a man was Seth Jones in appearance from what he was when, hale and robust, full of enterprise and ambition, he left his home, with his youthful bride, to seek a residence in the "far west." Now, his mother would scarcely have known her son; but she, as well as his beloved father, had for several years, been numbered with the dead. Seth Jones hoped that he should be quite restored to health, when he again breathed his native air; but this expectation proved groundless. He lingered but two or three months after his return, and when the snows of winter fell, they fell on his newly-made grave.

And what was to be done with these orphan children? They had nothing to depend upon but the proceeds of the sale of the farm, which had been the humble home of their infancy. Kind connexions and friends readily volunteered to adopt the three eldest children, but the poor babe—who could be found disinterested enough to take charge of sick and feeble little Susan.

"It will be a great trouble to take care of her," said one of a group of neighbours, who were discussing the subject in a room where

the unconscious babe lay asleep. "She will never live to be any comfort to any one; and will always have to be nursed and carried in arms," said another. "Poor thing," rejoined a third, "it would have been a mercy, if it had pleased Providence to have lain her by her mother's side."

But God's ways are not as our ways—nor His thoughts as our thoughts. A design of mercy was apparent in all his dealings towards this child. She was to form one link of the vast chain, which binds the human family in mutual dependence, by the reception and imparting of acts of kindness and benevolence. She was to be, in turn, the *object* and the *channel* of good.

Dame Wheeler, who was one of this group, sat lost in thought, taking no part in the conversation which occupied the company. Presently she rose, and walking to the cradle, she said, as she took the sallow, puny infant in her arms; "This child is mine. Dear babe! how I loved her mother! and what a comfort it would have been to me, to have whispered in her dying ear, that this infant should have a friend and protector in me, as long as it shall please Providence to give me life and

strength and reason." She imprinted a kiss on its pale forehead, which seemed as a seal to her solemn pledge. "From this time," said she, addressing it as if it understood her words, "you are *my child*, my care. Something for me to love—to do good to; and if our lives are spared, we shall be comforts to each other."

"Are you crazy, Dame Wheeler?" said the woman, who in her wisdom had decided that Providence had made a great mistake in prolonging such a life—"Are you crazy? At your time of life to take such a charge upon yourself! If you had ever a child of your own, you would know what you are doing. Think of the fatigue and labour; yes, and the expense it will bring upon you. Think of the watchful days and sleepless nights you are laying up for yourself. And besides, even if the child should live to grow up, which is not at all likely, it is not probable your life will continue till she can do any service for you, or give you any satisfaction."

"My mind is made up, as I have said," replied Dame Wheeler, firmly. "Present duty is ours—events belong to God. I am a lone woman, and having given up the occupation

of my life, I would still do good. Here is an opportunity, and for the strength needed," said she, raising her eyes, "I shall look with confidence to the fountain from which I have hitherto derived all needful aid."

Dame Wheeler knew and prized the luxury of doing good. She had, as has been before intimated, felt much the loss of her school, but here was an object on which to bestow her active benevolence; and from the moment she took the infant to her own dwelling, to that when she yielded her last breath, she never regretted the step she had taken.

Little Susan rapidly improved under the fostering care of her grandmother, as she was taught to call Dame Wheeler.

Some of the neighbours prophesied that she would become stupid and dull, if she were alone with that old woman; but this was far from being the case. She was a child of unusual sprightliness, and her merry ringing laugh often caused Dame Wheeler to smile, from sympathy, without knowing the subject of her mirth. With returning health, all fretfulness disappeared, and she became an animated cheerful being, and amused herself, by the hour together, with her kitten or doll, and

very soon gave far more comfort than trouble, to her fond grandmother.

I must not dwell too long upon her early years. Suffice it to say, that her grandmother taught her to read and sew, and instructed her in many kinds of light housework, such as she was capable of performing. So that by the time she was ten years old, she was of great assistance to Dame Wheeler, who was then very far advanced in years. Most of the time since Susan was four years of age, there had been in the family, a niece of Dame Wheeler's, who relieved her from all household care; but as soon as Susan was capable of taking the charge, this person returned to her own home, and from that time, Susan and her grandmother were the whole family.

What would Dame Wheeler now have done, without the kind and affectionate care of this child of her old age? It was Susan who milked the cow, and churned the butter. It was Susan who made ready their simple meal, and who spun the winter flannel, and with her needle made ready all the clothing for her own and her grandmother's use. No one else could make or plait a cap neatly enough to suit Dame Wheeler. No other hand could

make her bed so that she could rest comfortably. It was Susan who read the sacred Scriptures aloud to her. It was on Susan's arm she leaned when she walked to the house of God. In short, it was Susan who relieved her of all care, who anticipated every wish—who did every thing *just right*, and who was a constant comfort to her declining years. And a beautiful spectacle it was, to see this devotion of youth to age; and to witness, in the contrast between blooming girlhood and feeble decrepitude, such a union of feeling and sentiment. This arose partly from the fact of her having lived alone, and quite secluded from intercourse with others; but it was chiefly because Susan had learned to feel as her grandmother did, on the great and most important of all subjects—RELIGION. This was the one thing she had lacked to make her all that her grandmother could desire. And when at length she indulged a hope of her own interest in the great salvation, this aged disciple was quite ready to use the language of pious Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Dame Wheeler still lived, but she had become so infirm that Susan scarcely left her alone for

an hour. She had for several years found time (besides proper attention to all her domestic concerns,) to attend a school which had for a long period been taught in the town, by a person fully capable of giving instruction in those branches which are now considered so necessary to a good English education. So that she was well informed in geography, history and arithmetic, and had also acquired a knowledge of some of the higher branches, generally taught at the best female schools, at the present day.

But I must hasten to the conclusion of my story. Susan was more than twenty years of age, when Dame Wheeler was laid upon her dying bed. Nothing could exceed the devotion and tenderness with which she watched over the closing days of her beloved grandmother. As the chills of death convulsed her frame, the pious girl spoke words of consolation to her which sustained her departing spirit.

"You have not many such agonies to endure, dear grandmother," said she. "You are passing over Jordan, and beyond lies the heavenly Canaan."

"Even so, my daughter," said the depart-

ing saint. "It is kind in you to stay up my faith, by the sweet promises of God."

Susan repeated with a faltering voice, "Be strong and of a good courage; fear not nor be afraid—for the Lord thy God, *He it is that doth go with thee.* He will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

"Fear not, for *I am with thee;* be not dismayed for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. For *I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand,* saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

"I am not afraid," responded the sinking voice of her expiring friend. "I will fear no evil, *for thou art with me;* thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"Let me now, my dear child," said she, stretching out her arms, "fold you for the last time to my heart, and thank you for all the love and kindness you have ever manifested towards me. I am on the threshold of the eternal world, and my life, which has been prolonged to an unusual length, has been, in its decline, rendered most comfortable and happy by your tenderness and care. You

have, in all respects, my daughter, exceeded my fondest expectations. Farewell, beloved child. God Almighty bless and keep you—make you useful in life—tranquil in death, and happy throughout eternity."

As Susan rose from this last embrace, which she had bent forward to receive, she exclaimed with a bursting heart, "Oh, my beloved grandmother, my best, my only friend! What will become of me when you are gone, and who will love and care for me as you have done?"

Dame Wheeler endeavoured to reply to her, but utterance failed. She turned her eyes first upon the weeping girl, then raised them with a glance full of meaning, upward. The language of that look was plain. It directed her to put her confidence in a father and a friend, who was abundantly willing and able to supply the loss of all earthly good.

"I will, dear grandmother," said Susan aloud, in reply to her silent appeal, as she fell on her knees by the side of the bed, and clasped in her's the cold hand of her dying benefactor.

Dame Wheeler smiled faintly, and feebly pressed the hand which held her's. The next

moment, with a gentle sigh, her spirit returned to God who gave it.

"Oh," said Susan, as she recounted to an intimate friend, all that her grandmother had said to her, in bidding her farewell, "the wealth of this world would not be worth so much to me as those consoling words."

Thus Dame Wheeler departed, at the advanced age of ninety-four years. Susan caused a simple stone to be erected to mark the spot where she will repose till the morning of the resurrection. Truth might have covered the marble with the record of her good deeds—but this simple, though expressive phrase, is all that is inscribed over her tomb,

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

Susan now fills the responsible station of a pastor's wife. In imitation of the example of her excellent grandmother, she too is doing what good she can, and exerts an influence upon those around her, who in turn will transmit to others, the benefit they derive from her example.

Of how much good did Dame Wheeler lay the foundation, when she took the charge of that feeble, motherless child! *How much good*, did I ask? Eternity will give a full answer.

THE DAME SCHOOLMISTRESS.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold, the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school—
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean:
Her neatly-bordered cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinned, with decent care,
And pendant ruffles of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies;
These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights in some secreted place.

Here first I entered, though with toil and pain,
The lowly vestibule of learning's fane:
Entered with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet
display.
Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne;
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sighed;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
And to my corner, broken-hearted, crept.
But soon, enured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talked of the honours of my future days.

"Remember New Year's Evening"
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THE TWO NEW YEAR'S DAYS.

"Dear Mrs. Norton, you will let us have a dance on New Year's evening," said a fair young girl as she stood on the steps of a house where she had made a call, adding, "my heart is set upon it."

"I shall promise no such thing," replied a middle aged lady, who, with her two daughters, had accompanied their visiter to the door.

"Oh, indeed you must," replied she, "for I know of no one else who will, and a dance I am determined to have. Do, girls, be eloquent in your appeals to your mother," added she, as she playfully tripped along in the new fallen snow, with her French slippers.

"We will try our best," rejoined one of her young friends, "and I doubt not shall be successful; so you may consider the thing settled and arranged."

"If so," said Alfred Hughs, as he offered his arm to the fair girl, "will you give me the honour of your hand for the first dance?"

To this she consented, and as they walked homeward her companion blamed her imprudence, in walking out at that season of the year without a more suitable protection for her feet than thin slippers.

"It did not snow when I left home; but indeed I never take cold," said the light-hearted, imprudent Emily Hart.

As Alfred Hughs bade her good morning at her uncle's door-step, she smiled, and raising her finger significantly, said, "REMEMBER NEW YEAR'S EVENING!" and closing the street door she went, gaily singing, to her room.

The future! Oh, the untried future! The dark, mysterious, unexplored future! Go to, now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will do this or that: Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away; for that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that.

EMILY HART was left an orphan in early youth, and was adopted by an aunt, who,

having no children of her own, believed she loved her with all the warmth of a mother's affection. Emily was not only very beautiful, but intelligent and accomplished. It was the aim of her aunt to gratify every wish of her heart, and nothing was denied her that ample wealth could procure or extreme indulgence supply; and yet I never could think of this lovely being without saying "*poor child!*" When I add that she was admired and praised, I still say "*poor child,*" and why? Because she had been brought up and educated by friends, who not only had no fear of God before their eyes, but who lived and acted as if they thought with the fool, who says in his heart—"there is no God." She had never been taught to reverence the word of God; to respect the Sabbath, or to feel any veneration for sacred things; neither had she been taught to scoff. These subjects had never been brought before her mind at all, and she lived in utter ignorance of the great first principles of religion; a heathen child in a Christian land.

She had occasionally, though seldom, been to the house of God with some of her young companions, but entire want of information on religious subjects, and ignorance of even the

language of Scripture, rendered the exercises of the Sabbath almost as unintelligible to her, as if conducted in an unknown tongue; and she found so little to interest her, that she willingly followed the example of her aunt, and spent the Sabbath at home.

The day after the conversation at Mrs. Norton's door, Emily attempted to rise, after having passed a restless and feverish night, but she was obliged to give up the effort, and send for her aunt, as she found herself very ill. In fact, she had taken a severe cold, and her delicate frame had received a shock, from which, alas! it was never to recover. All that skill and care could do was done; but the violence of the attack continued unabated. Through another night her disease gained new strength, and the morning of the last day of the year, found her with the quick pulse and difficult respiration which attend a highly inflammatory disease. The physician looked anxious, and the attendants exchanged glances full of meaning.

Emily's aunt was a woman of too much discernment to be deceived. She was a person of uncommon strength of character, of almost unnatural resolution and firmness. She

called the physician aside, and ascertained from him that her worst fears would probably be realized. After rallying from the first shock which this announcement produced, she said with a tone and look that showed she was armed for a terrible conflict,—

"Now, doctor, not a word of this to Emily. It may be that the case is not so bad as you suppose; but if it is, do not let her last moments be disturbed by the announcement, that her young life is near its close. Return to her bedside (as I shall do,) perfectly calm. Let your efforts be redoubled. *Encourage her to think they will succeed,* and if all fails, I can bear up as long as she lives, in order to keep her in ignorance of her danger."

During this conversation, a young friend of Emily's was searching the libraries and bookshelves for a Bible. Though she was not a Christian, she had been brought up by parents who considered religion the one thing needful; and the thought, that her young companion was about to leave the world without a word of admonition, was truly shocking to her. She did not know how to address her, but she felt as if she must read some passages of Scripture

to her. But her search was in vain—no such volume was to be found!

Another night of suffering ushered in the morning of the New Year, and Emily Hart, in full possession of her reason, was drawing near to death! She could not speak, (her disease being seated in the throat) but as she looked from one to another, an expression of alarm was observed for the first time, upon her countenance. She raised her hands, which were already cold, and had the peculiar hue of death, and turning them back and forth while she gazed on them, she looked up to her physician, who was standing by her bed with such an anxious and inquiring expression that he could not meet her eye, but walked away, deeply moved. As she cast a wild look from one to another of the *friends* around her bed, (who were instructed by her aunt to conceal all emotion) her expressive countenance seemed to ask "Is this death! Oh, tell me, *am* I, *can* I be dying?" At this instant, the loud sobs which burst from those near her, confirmed her worst fears. A deep groan was heard; her clasped hands sunk upon her breast, and shortly after she expired!

That was, indeed, a gloomy New Year's

Day—sorrowful countenances filled the streets of the village. From one to another, the intelligence "Emily Hart is dead!" was repeated, till all her acquaintances were informed of the sad event.

On the evening of that day Alfred Hughs received a note, inviting him to be one of the pall bearers at the funeral of the late Emily Hart. Oh, how vivid was the recollection of her youthful form, as she stood and uttered those last words that from her lips ever met his ear—"REMEMBER NEW YEAR'S EVENING!"

Truly in the midst of life we are in death. Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

* * * * * *

Some years after this sad event, I went into a book store, to purchase some gifts for a few little friends, as the holidays were at hand. One of the partners of the establishment, whom I shall call Mr. Wilson, showed me such volumes as I selected, and recommended others, which I shall always be glad I purchased. For they were not only useful to me, but will ever be associated in my mind with sad, yet pleasant, thoughts of him whom my eyes never again beheld. He was then appa-

rently in the bloom of health, and to all appearance had before him a long life of usefulness. He was a person of the most humble and unobtrusive piety; one of those few Christians whose lamp was always trimmed and burning; whose zeal was ardent, but always according to knowledge; who was ever awake to seize opportunities for doing good, being instant in season and out of season; and yet, whose discretion was such, that he never caused his good to be evil spoken of. When the love of many waxed cold, the flame of piety burned, undimmed, in his breast. When the ways of Zion mourned because few came to her solemn feasts, he was one of those few. His motto seemed to be "I must work while it is day—the night cometh when no man can work." So, like his great master, he went about doing good. Thus to the force of precept he added the far more powerful weight of example, and his influence throughout the circle of his acquaintance was felt and acknowledged.

The evening of the last day of the year was far spent, and I sat down to meditate. I looked back to its commencement, and one of the first recollections that came to my mind, was the sermon I heard on the opening Sabbath of the

year, from the text, "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die—and not live." The preacher suggested to his hearers, the great probability there was, amounting almost to a certainty, that of some who then heard him, the decree had gone forth, "This year thou shalt die." He reminded us that many who entered upon the former year in health and with as fair prospects of a protracted life as any he then addressed, had received the summons "The master is come and calleth for *thee*;" "and we now," said he, "look in vain for them, in the seats which they were then accustomed to occupy; the places that once knew them, now know them no more forever." I remembered that the question then rose to my lips, Who will be the next victim of death? Lord is it I? accompanied with a petition, that if so, I might be found ready.

I next thought of days and weeks of severe illness, when I almost expected that life was drawing to a close, but I had been spared. Have I fulfilled the gracious purpose of God in prolonging my life? was the solemn question that readily suggested itself to my mind.

Next the forms and faces of those of my relatives and friends who had finished their

earthly career rose vividly to mind. Among them was a young and fair companion, who unwillingly admitted to herself and friends the necessity of seeking a warmer climate at the approach of winter. Alas! the remedy was sought too late. Disease had a secure hold upon her delicate frame. The balmy south wind fanned her dying cheek, and there she closed her short life. Thus I sat communing with past scenes, till the clock, striking the hour of *twelve*, roused me to the thought that I was on the parting moment of two years. I breathed a prayer—

> "Lord! grant me pardon for the past,
> And strength for days to come."

I rose, and walking to the window looked out upon the unsullied snow. The storm, which had been severe for the two last days, was hushed, and the stars shone in splendour on the midnight scene. Unwearied Time was hastening on, in his silent flight. The morning of the New Year had commenced, and I retired to rest, with busy thoughts, that imparted themselves to my dreams.

Never was there a more beautiful morning than that of the first of January, 18—.

> "The spangles in the sunny rays
> Shone round the silver snow,"

and gave to every tree and shrub, an appearance of dazzling splendour.

The town was all activity, and some friends and acquaintances began to present their greetings, some with sincere congratulations and kind wishes—others, with unmeaning "compliments of the season," and many a "happy New Year."

The morning was not half over when I was startled by the question from a young friend—"Have you heard that James Wilson is supposed to be dying?" On further inquiry, I learned that he had been violently ill for the last two days, and that his physicians had informed him the day before, greatly to his surprise, that his case admitted of no hope as to his recovery. But though this information was unexpected, it was far from producing any shock. It was received with perfect calmness. "It was truly a sublime scene, " saidone who witnessed his last hours, "to see such a tran-

quil reception of the last enemy." "I had not supposed," said he, "that my work was done, but if my Heavenly Father has nothing more for me to do, Amen. His time is my time. Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

To a friend who expressed satisfaction, mingled with surprise, to find him so ready for such a sudden summons, he said, "Suppose you were under the direction of one who had informed you that he might send you to a distant country without giving you any further opportunity for preparation for your journey than the instructions you already possessed. Would you not have every thing arranged so as to leave nothing to be attended to at the last moment? Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh!"

There was no hurry nor tumult, nor confusion in the dying chamber of James Wilson. *There was time enough and to spare*, and he improved it wisely in exhortations to some who were careless of their souls—in words of encouragement to his Christian friends, and in kind and affectionate counsels to his Sunday-school class. His work was done, and with as much composure as if he had fallen asleep,

he closed his eyes, and his end was peace. Who that contrasts the death scene of the two individuals mentioned in this narrative, will not say "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Of poor Emily Hart, it could scarcely be said that she knew the way of salvation. She had never been at Sabbath-school. She had never studied the Bible. She had neglected the Sabbath and the means of grace. And how is it with you, beloved friend? You think of such a death-bed scene as Emily Hart's, and shudder, and well you may! Are you so living that your death may be as tranquil as was James Wilson's? With yourselves remains the choice which of these scenes shall be witnessed in your own case. This day—this moment,—life and death are set before you; therefore choose life!

LUCY GRAY.

No MATE, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor;
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The clock has only just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

"Yes, but the clouds look dark and drear,
  The winds blow quick and wild,
They warn us that a storm is near,
  So haste thee, gentle child."

Not blither is the mountain roe;
  With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
  That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
  She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
  But never reached the town.

The wretched parents, all that night,
  Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
  To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood,
  That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
  A furlong from the door.

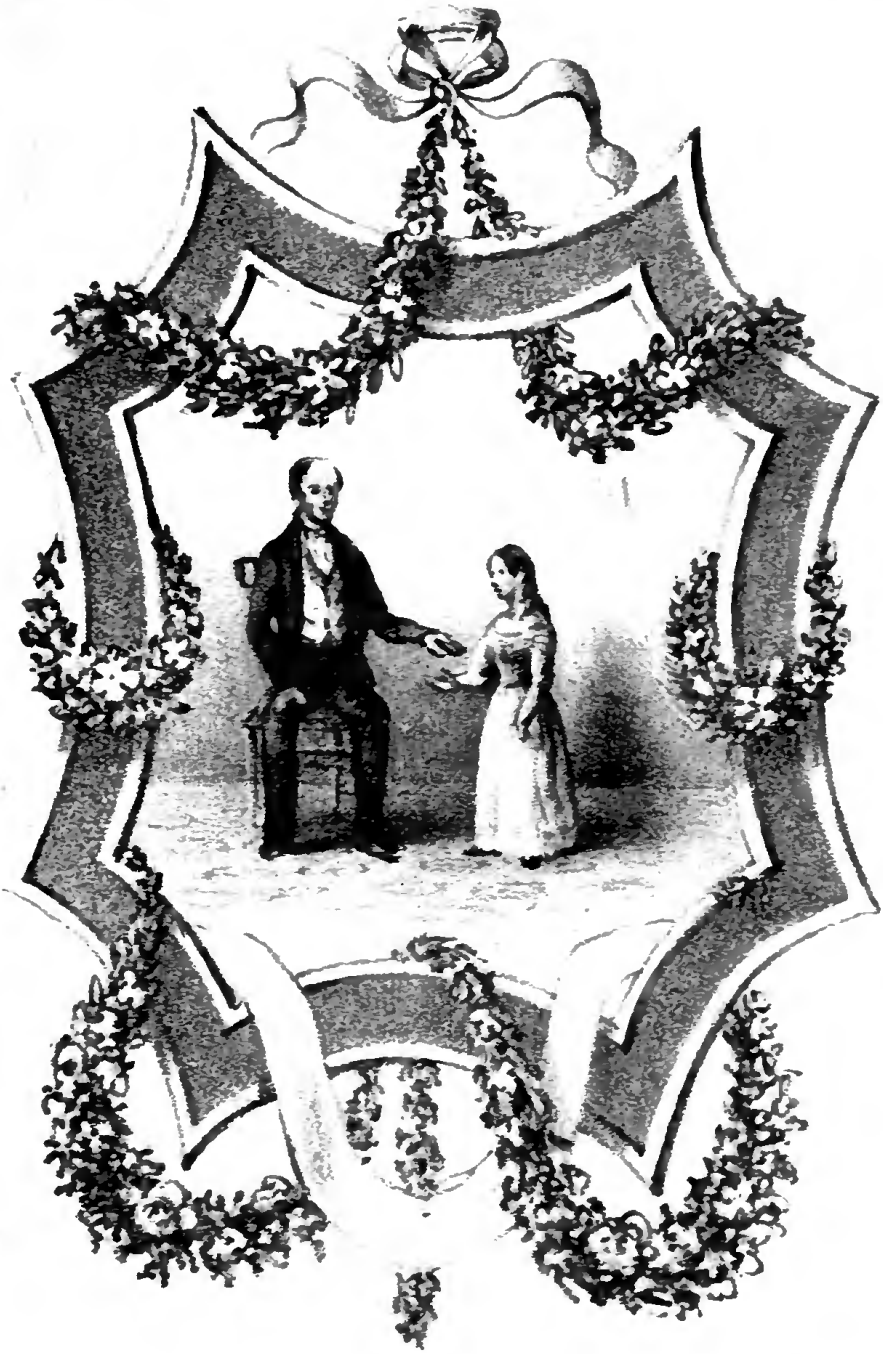
They wept, and turning homeward cried,
  "In heaven we all shall meet,"
—When in the snow the mother spied
  The print of Lucy's feet.

Half-breathless, from the steep hill's edge
  They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
  And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed—
  The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
  Till to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
  Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank:—
  And further there were none!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
  The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
  Will never more be seen.



THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

P. 60.

"I AM GOING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF."

Fanny Marshall was an only child, and had been accustomed from infancy to have every want and wish anticipated. It was perhaps a natural result of this, that one of the earliest and strongest impressions she had received, was of her own great importance in the family. What Miss Fanny was to eat, how she was to be dressed, what she was to learn, who was to teach her; every little particular, in short, relative to her health, comfort, and improvement, had occupied so large a share of the attention of those about her, that it is not to be wondered at, if she grew up with the conviction, that Miss Fanny was a person of no common importance. She was not an ill-tempered girl. With good health, good spirits, and little to vex or cross her, she had had few temptations to sullenness, fretful-

ness, or violent passion. She was not sly or mean; she had never been governed by fear, therefore she had little desire to conceal anything. Her prevailing fault was a kind of easy, good-humoured selfishness. There was nothing like active malice or unkindness in her disposition; she never went out of her way to render others unhappy: if she gave them pain, it was simply because she took so little notice of their feelings, that she hardly knew that she was giving pain; or, if she did suspect it, she cared very little about it. She was of a lively turn, and delighted in mischief, which she called fun, no matter at whose expense. If any serious annoyances resulted from her frolics, they never made more than a passing impression on her mind. A few unfelt customary expressions of regret, or perhaps a trifling present, if the injured person happened to be a servant or a playfellow, generally made all straight in her estimation, and she was quite ready to repeat her offence the next convenient opportunity. Unfortunately, she was too much left to herself. Mrs. Marshall's ill health compelled her to keep her room almost entirely; and Captain Marshall was in the navy, and frequently absent from the coun-

try for long periods, so that he had not much opportunity to watch the development of his daughter's character.

When Fanny was nearly fifteen, her father found himself in a situation to retire from his profession; and the health of his wife continuing to decline, he went to live in Berkshire, and devoted himself to his family. Being a man of sense and discernment, he soon became aware of the serious defects in Fanny's character. That which particularly struck him, was her insensibility to reproof and correction. His attention had been drawn to this feature in her disposition by a remark, which he chanced to overhear from the old servant who had constantly waited on her, and who said, in a spirit of partial fondness, that "the best of Miss Fanny was, that she did not bear malice. Scold her as much as you might, the next minute she forgot it all, and was just the same as ever."

The governess, to whom the charge of Fanny had been entrusted for the last six months, bore a similar testimony, though she worded it rather differently. "Miss Marshall," she said, "is the most provoking girl I ever had anything to do with. It is of no use

to correct her: you never seem to make any impression."

Captain Marshall himself remarked that, when sent out of the room by her mother or himself, in disgrace, the next time she came in their way, she would rattle on, and perhaps ask them for favours, seemingly quite unmindful that anything had occurred to make them less willing to indulge her. He considered this, so far from being a proof of à *forgiving* disposition, (as it is sometimes foolishly thought to be,) as only a proof that she cared and felt so little about the feelings of others, that reproof gave her no pain, and was quickly effaced from her memory. He thought that this insensibility to the consequences of doing wrong was a fault, which, as much as any other, if not more, called for careful correction. As, on many accounts, he perceived that she would never be thoroughly controlled at home, he determined to place her at school, under the superintendence of some ladies with whom he was well acquainted.

The time fixed for her departure from home had nearly arrived, when Fanny's reckless love of *fun* broke loose in an impertinent practical joke upon her governess, planned

indeed by her cousin, George Wilson, (a boy whose companionship Captain Marshall greatly disliked for her,) but executed by herself. The governess, a young person of little judgment or experience in the science of government, was roused to such a pitch of indignation by the offence, that she declared nothing should induce her to stay another week with Fanny. Captain Marshall clearly seeing that her authority was at an end, permitted her to depart, after having received a formal, but evidently unfelt apology, from her unmanageable pupil.

As he himself was obliged to leave home just at this time, he thought it best to anticipate the quarter-day, and despatch Fanny at once to her destined school. This determination was anything but disagreeable to her. She was tired of the sameness of home, and longed for more companions. The novelty and bustle of preparation put her into such spirits, that though she certainly said she was sorry for having offended her father, and for having been rude to her governess, she did not, in fact, feel a particle of sorrow about the matter. When, indeed, she was finally dimissed from home with every token of being in disgrace, her heart a little misgave her, and she

began to feel rather uncomfortably. "Ah! well," thought she, "never mind; it is of no use thinking of the past; I mean to turn over a new leaf when I get to school;" (this turning over a new leaf, be it known, was a favourite phrase of Fanny's,) "I mean to be very industrious, and very well behaved, and all that, and try and get a good character; and then, I dare say, they will never think anything more about the matter."

Fanny's purpose of "turning over a new leaf," was better kept than such resolutions sometimes are. Whether it was that new occupations and new companions, by filling her mind, took from her the desire to amuse herself in a rude and mischievous manner, or whether her pride made her unwilling to incur disgrace and disapprobation among strangers, certain it is, that she kept a check upon herself, and strove in earnest to gain a good character amongst her teachers and associates. She was a quick, clever girl, and her lessons were no trouble to her. She soon got forward in learning, and managed to reach the end of the half-year with credit.

A few evenings before the separation of the pupils, several of them were sitting together,

talking of the manner in which they expected to pass their holidays. Each was anticipating some scheme of pleasure.

"Yes," said Fanny, "but think how *I* shall enjoy myself: I that have never been from home before. Father and mother will scarcely know how to make enough of me. I dare say they are planning all sorts of *treats* for me already. Don't you envy me?"

"Really, Fanny," said her cousin Emma, who, being George Wilson's sister, knew all the particulars of Fanny's dismissal from home, "really, if I had been sent to school in the disgrace you were, I do not think I should make quite so sure of being welcomed back again."

"Nonsense," said Fanny, "just as if father and mother would ever give a thought to a thing that happened three months ago and more. You must have a strange opinion of them."

"But you told me yourself, that you had never seen my uncle so seriously angry, and that he had not fully forgiven you, when you came away."

"Oh! because when I went to him to beg pardon, somehow or other the droll faces that

George had made came into my head, and I could not help bursting into a laugh; and father was very angry, and said he saw how little I felt what I was going to say; and he said he would not hear anything more, till he could see I was really sorry. And the next morning he went away, and then I came to school: but, dear me! I dare say he has forgotten all about it long ago."

"Well, had I been you, I should certainly have written him a proper letter of apology before this time."

Oh! I hate writing letters of apology; and besides I see no occasion for it. I know I was a rude, tiresome girl; and I determined when I came to school, that I would turn over a new leaf, and so I have. I think my getting a prize for good conduct is proof enough of that; and they will soon see at home that I am an altered girl."

"Why, there is no denying that you are much improved, certainly."

"Oh yes; I thought, to tell you the truth, that I was getting too old for such folly. It is not ladylike, and it gets one the name of a mere romp. I assure you, I shall not have much to do with George, when he comes

home. We have had a great deal of fun together; but there is a time for every thing."

Emma was about to say, that she thought there was no permitted time for rudeness and insubordination; but fearing the remark might sound ill-natured, she said nothing.

On the day appointed, the old servant before mentioned, came to conduct Fanny to her home. "Well, Sanders, how is mother?" said the young lady, when they were alone.

"Why, Miss, I am sorry to say my mistress has been so very poorly lately, that about a week ago she was obliged to go to Brighton, and she will not be at home for all the holidays, most likely; but your aunt Margaret is come to stay while she is away."

"Indeed! I am sorry I shall not see mother, but I am glad aunt Margaret is come; for I like her very much. Don't you think, Sanders, father will be pleased to see how I am grown?"

"Yes, that he will, Miss, I am sure."

"And I can tell you, too, Sanders, that I have got a prize—a prize for good conduct! Perhaps you did not expect that?" added she, laughing.

"Why, perhaps not, Miss; but I always

said there was no harm in you, you never bore malice."

When Fanny reached home, she was a little disappointed to find her father gone out to dinner, nor did she see him till the next morning. He received her kindly, but gravely; not with that eager delight for which she had prepared herself. This gave her a momentary check, but she soon got over it, and, after a few inquiries about her mother, she produced, with much complacency, the handsome book which had been given her for a prize. Captain Marshall took it in his hands,* and, after examining and admiring it, returned it to her, saying, "I am pleased, Fanny, even with this proof of your improved conduct. I am glad that you have been able to win such a token of approbation of your instructresses, as it proves that you *can* exercise a due control over yourself. But I would have you bear in mind, that the real value of all outward good conduct depends upon its motive."

Fanny received this remark in silence, for she hardly knew what to think of it. Such qualified praise did not at all come up to her expectations. "Pleased *even* with this!" said

* See plate, p. 50.

she to herself; "why, what more would father have?"

When Captain Marshall was left alone with Miss Margaret Milwood, Fanny's aunt, the latter said to him, "I think I can perceive, brother, that there is something about Fanny, improved as she is, with which you are not quite satisfied."

"You are right, Margaret," said he. "You know, I think, of the disgrace in which she left home. In none of the letters we have received from her since, has she ever once referred to it. Neither, as far as I can judge from her manner now, does she retain any recollection of it, as an offence requiring forgiveness. Now the lesson which I want to teach my dear girl, is this—That we cannot grieve and offend others without incurring some consequences painful to ourselves, and that something is needed beyond the mere cessation of the offence. She seems to think, that as soon as she is in a humour to be reconciled, she has nothing to do but to come and resume her place in our favour, just as if nothing had occurred; nay, that there is even some reward due to her, for condescending to desire reconciliation. Now, I shall try to

teach her, that I do not regard her exactly in the same light as if she had never offended me; that she must obtain my forgiveness, before she can be re-instated in the privileges of a dutiful and obedient child."

"I see your intention: now tell me how I can best co-operate with you?"

"Why, I think you had better take no notice of it to her. Let her learn the lesson herself: it will make a deeper impression than if it is pointed out to her by another. Say nothing, unless she should apply to you for advice or explanation."

Miss Milwood promised to adhere to the instructions of her brother-in-law.

Not many days after Fanny's return home, Captain Marshall received a letter from his wife, which determined him to go to see her rather before he had intended. After he was gone, Fanny could not help owning to herself that there had been something in her father's manner to her during the short time they had been together, different from what she had been accustomed to. He had not reproved her for anything, nor had he been in the least unkind to her, but he had not laughed with her as formerly; he had not encouraged her

to tell him all the little occurrences of the half year; he had not called her to walk with him, or employed her to do any little offices for him as he had been used to do. "Still, unwilling to look for the cause of this change in herself, she tried to account for it in other ways. "Oh," thought she, "father is out of spirits about poor mother; and, besides, I dare say he feels a little strange with me at first; but when he comes back, I dare say all will be right. I hope he will return before my birth-day. I wonder how he intends us to keep it."

Now Fanny's birth-day had always been kept as a sort of festival. Her cousins and other young friends had been accustomed to pass it with her; and it had generally been the practice of her parents to take them on some little excursion, if the weather was fine, or if not, to provide them with some suitable amusement at home.

Captain Marshall returned in time, and the very next morning Fanny opened the subject.

"Pray, father, do you remember that Thursday is my birth-day?"

"I do, Fanny."

"Well then, father, you know these are my first holidays, and as I have been a very good

girl lately, and brought such a good character from school, I suppose you will give me some *grand* treat to celebrate this birth-day. Now, I have been thinking how much I should like it if you would take us all to see the Panorama. Now, will you, father? I should like that so very much."

"I dare say you would, Fanny; and, under other circumstances, I should like very much to take you. But—"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say, father—about mother being from home. But I know mother would rather be pleased than otherwise that I should have this treat, though she is from home."

"You interrupt me, Fanny: that was not what I was going to say. I believe that your mother would not wish her absence from home to be an impediment to my giving you any indulgence I may think fit. But, Fanny, do you really think I *ought* to give you this pleasure? Do you think your conduct has been such as to entitle you to expect unusual marks of favour and approbation."

The colour rushed to Fanny's cheeks, and she stammered forth—

"I do not know what you mean, father. I do not know what I have done."

"I am sorry your conscience does its office so negligently, Fanny; but I must beg you to think over the past few months, and if you can fairly tell me that you think I ought to confer rewards upon you, you shall keep your birth-day in any way you please."

So saying, he left the room.

The moment he was gone, Fanny burst into tears, and sat sobbing for some time without saying a word. At last, breaking silence, she said—

"Well, I think this is *hard, very hard.* Oh, how I have looked forward to the holidays! and then not even to have my birth-day kept! There is very little encouragement for me to try to behave well and get a prize, if this is all that comes of it. Instead of being pleased with my improvement, and making much of me, as I naturally expected he would, I do not know how it is, but father has been different in his manner towards me all the time he has been at home. I cannot tell what is come to him."

"Fanny," said Miss Milwood, "be calm a little, and tell me honestly if you have no sus-

picion of the reason your father has for his conduct towards you?"

"I am sure I know of no reason," said Fanny, "unless you mean that unlucky affair which happened just before I went to school; but that is so long ago. Who could have thought he would have been so unforgiving!"

"*Unforgiving!* Fanny, have you ever asked his forgiveness? I do not mean, have you ever said, in a formal way, 'I am sorry for what I have done, and I hope you will forgive me;' that, I dare say, you were obliged to do, out of decency, at the time; but have you freely and fully confessed your fault to him, and begged his pardon humbly and earnestly?"

"I cannot say I have; but I thought there was no occasion, and I am sure he may tell by my conduct that I acknowledge I was wrong. He must see that I *have turned over a new leaf.*"

"This 'turning over a new leaf' seems a favourite expression with you, Fanny," said her aunt; "but did it ever strike you, that by turning over a *new* leaf, you do not cancel the *old* one?"

"I do not understand you, aunt."

"Suppose, Fanny, that in writing an exer-

cise in your book, you make some great mistake—omit several lines of your copy, for instance—what do you do?"

"I tear out the page, aunt, or I draw my pen across it, and begin another."

"Why do you do that?"

"Why, do not you see, aunt, that if I were to leave the page without any mark to show that it was wrong, and begin writing again just where I made the mistake, it might all be read as if it were connected, and that would make nonsense?"

"I see this plainly enough, Fanny; but I do not think you do; at least, if you do in regard to the pages of a book, you do not in regard to the far more important pages of the mind. You seem to think that your turning over a new leaf in conduct, (that is, your beginning at last to behave as you always should have behaved,) ought to erase at once from your father's mind all sense of your former misbehaviour. Nay, if I interpreted your manner rightly when first you met him, it seemed to me that you almost expected something in the shape of a *reward* for your amendment. Was it not so?"

Fanny looked rather foolish, for she remem-

bered the treats she expected to have had prepared for her. After a short pause, she said, "After all, aunt, what I did was not so very bad. I did not mean any harm; it was mere thoughtlessness."

"I could easily show you, I think, Fanny, that thoughtlessness is in itself a very wrong thing. We ought to think of what we are doing; we ought to think of the feelings of others; we ought to think of our duty to them. But I need not take up the time by talking about this; the question is, Did you do right or wrong?"

"Oh! wrong, I know, aunt."

"Well, then, whether it were more or less wrong, makes nothing to the purpose. A sin, if it be a small sin, (and of that the doer is seldom a proper judge,) is still a sin, and no doing right in future will blot it out."

"No more does begging pardon, aunt."

"Quite true, Fanny, and therefore penitence gives no right to pardon. But when you express sorrow and regret for an action, you at least show that you would recall it, if you could; that you wish you had never done it; that you do not intend to repeat it. As long as you go on without acknowledging your

fault, for anything your father knows, you may be secretly justifying it, and may be willing to do the same again, if opportunity were to offer. But I must go now, Fanny. I have letters to write. Think over what we have been saying. You do not want sense, nor, I trust, in spite of unfavourable appearances, do you want feeling."

"I hope you do not think me quite without feeling, aunt?" said Fanny, with tears in her eyes.

"I do not, dear; I only think your feelings want to be directed into a right channel."

Nothing more passed between Fanny and her aunt, in reference to this conversation, before her birth-day. Fanny was much more silent and considerate than usual, and a bystander might have thought her sullen; but her father, to whom Miss Milwood had repeated what had passed, judged differently; however, he took no notice. Thursday came, and was spent like ordinary days. Captain Marshall drove to the neighbouring town, where he had some business to transact with his lawyer: Miss Milwood took the opportunity of accompanying him to pay some visits in the same place. Fanny, thus left to herself, went

to her room, and after shedding a few tears at the recollection of the happy birth-days she had formerly spent, she sat down and wrote a letter to her late governess, fully acknowledging the impropriety of her conduct to her, and asking pardon. She then wrote another letter of similar tenor to her mother, and having sealed and despatched these, she went with a lightened heart about her usual occupations.

Captain Marshall and Miss Milwood returned to a late dinner. As soon as the servants had left the room, and a suitable pause in the conversation occurred, Fanny came forward, and with a beating heart, and eyes swimming with tears, begged her father's forgiveness for all her past misconduct, and especially for the want of right feeling she had manifested, in having neglected this testimony of her repentance so long. She added, that what her aunt had said to her had convinced her at the time, but that she had waited till her birth-day should be nearly over to make this acknowledgment, lest it might be imagined, that she was actuated by the desire to gain her wishes as to the keeping of the day.

Captain Marshall, deeply affected, folded her in his arms, and assured her of his ready

and full forgiveness. Fanny went to bed that night with feelings of a kind altogether different from any she had ever experienced.

This incident had a salutary effect on Fanny's character, which, from that time, seemed to improve, till in a few years, hardly any traces of her early failings remained, and she grew up an amiable and sensible young person, leaving little to be desired as it regards this life. To those, indeed, who viewed her character in reference to the great ends of human existence, there appeared serious defects in it. She had read the Bible as a school exercise, but she never thought of going to it for instruction or comfort. She had a decent reverence for things sacred, but no interest in them. She went regularly to the place of public worship; but she did not habitually look up to God, as the end of all her actions, and the witness of her daily life. She lived to herself, and earthly things engrossed all her affections. She was "of the earth, earthy."

About three years after she had left school, her mother died; and this event, though it had been long expected, much affected Fanny's spirits. Whilst she was in this softened state of mind, she went for a little change of scene,

to pass a few weeks with her aunt Margaret. Here Fanny had the opportunity of attending the ministry of a truly pious and faithful clergyman, and also of seeing him frequently in private society. The truths she now heard were quite new to her, and her interest was powerfully awakened.

A few evenings before the termination of her visit, as she and her aunt were sitting together, and talking over the subject of religion, Fanny said, "I assure you I shall never forget what I have heard from Mr. Villars. I shall never be as thoughtless again, as I used to be before I came here. Indeed, I think it is quite time to begin to be in earnest about religion. I have trifled long enough. *I mean to turn over a new leaf.*" Miss Milwood smiled. "Why do you smile, aunt Margaret? Ah! I know what you are thinking of. You are thinking how often I used to say that formerly."

"I was, Fanny. Take care you do not make the same mistake now, that you used to do, and fancy that by turning over a new leaf you cancel the old ones."

"Ah! I remember how you talked to me about that, the day before my birth-day, when I was in such disgrace with father. I see

what you mean; but then—is there not a little difference in the cases? I don't see—that is, I can hardly fancy—I—"

"Perhaps, you do not think, dear, that you are in the same disgrace—if I may use such an expression—with your heavenly Father, as you were with your earthly one, at the time you speak of."

"Why, aunt, you know I have never been very irreligious. I have never meant to offend God."

"Nor, perhaps, Fanny, did you expressly mean to offend your father on that occasion."

"No, certainly; it was only that I did not think about him at all, nor care whether he was pleased or not, so that I had my way."

"I think, Fanny, you will find, on examination, that such has been very much the state of your feelings towards God. You have never thought about Him; you have followed your own inclinations, without caring whether they were in accordance with His will, or the contrary."

"Well, aunt, I must own that it has been so."

"And do you now see this to be right?"

"No, aunt; I have told you that I mean to change my manner of life."

"You now purpose to remember your Creator; but will that make amends for having forgotten Him so many years already? Will this 'turning over a new leaf' in the history of your life, blot out those leaves in His book, in which so many years of forgetfulness of Him, indifference about His will, unthankfulness for His mercies, are recorded against you, ready to be brought forward at the great day when the books shall be opened? Are you going to give God more than his due now? or, do you think it such a meritorious thing, to be willing to cease from sinning against Him, that in consideration of it, God cannot but forgive all the past? nay, even reward you for the change? That, you know, was your ground for expecting your father's forgiveness and reward at the time we were referring to."

"Oh! aunt, it seems very wrong to have such thoughts with regard to God. But I do not see what I am to do. I cannot recall the past."

"You cannot. Nothing that you can do will blot out sins either of omission or commission, and happily this is not required. God has provided a sacrifice for the remission of sin; and when you go to Christ in faith, peni-

tently confessing that you have sinned, and pleading the merit of this sacrifice, he cancels the old leaf, gives the promise of the Holy Spirit, and thus sets you free to begin a new one. This is how I began in religion, Fanny; and this is how you must begin, before any thing else you can do will be acceptable to God." Fanny looked thoughtful, but she made no reply, and the conversation dropped.

It was little more than two years from the date of this visit, that Miss Milwood was seated beside Fanny's sick bed, on a fine summer evening. The rays of the setting sun streamed into the room, and, as they fell on the feeble and languid form of the once lively Fanny, they lighted up her features with a momentary glow. Symptoms of serious disease had made their appearance in her constitution, and Miss Milwood had been summoned, by the anxious father, to accompany her beloved niece to a southern climate. The progress of Fanny's complaint had been so rapid, that her aunt had scarcely been aware that any thing unusual was the matter, before she was called upon to attend her abroad. As she now gazed on the altered features of the invalid, and mused on the sad probability of her

never again being permitted to return to her home, she felt inexpressible anxiety as to the state of her soul. She knew that Fanny, ever since her mother's death, had appeared quite a changed character, and that she was spoken of by others as decidedly pious; but Miss Milwood could not be satisfied in a matter of such importance, to take any thing for granted.

They were now alone. Captain Marshall had gone out to complete some arrangements for their voyage: Fanny had appeared rather better that day, and her aunt thought it a favourable opportunity to attempt to draw from her the state of her mind. "I trust, love," she began, with as much calmness as her own agitation would permit, "I trust, my love, that you feel yourself in the hands of a loving Father, to whom you are reconciled, and that you are prepared for all his will."

Fanny cast on her a look of painful solicitude, and said, "Oh! aunt, I have every thing to begin. When first I felt myself really ill, I was greatly alarmed. I thought of mother, and how likely it was I might follow her to the grave; and oh! I felt myself quite unprepared. I did not feel, nor do I now, that I am recon-

ciled to God: I feel at such a distance from him."

"And yet, my love, you have been apparently drawing nigh to him; your father tells me you have been quite devoted to religion."

"Oh! yes, outwardly I may have been; but I have always felt myself that there was something wanting. I have heard you and Mr. Villars speak of communion with God. I hardly know what you mean; but I know I have none. I feel nothing in religion. My prayers have no life in them—it is all mere routine. I do not feel that God is my friend—that he hears me: I seem afar off. When I was well, I was easy about this; but now I have no rest in my mind."

Miss Milwood thought a little, and then said, lifting up a silent prayer for aid, "Do you remember, dear, what we talked about the last evening you spent with me at H——?"

"Oh! yes, I do indeed; and I recollect, too that you told me I must begin by confessing my past sins, and going to Christ to have them blotted out. And so I did try; but I am conscious now I did not do it heartily; and, after a while, I gave it over; and when I was busy

in schemes of usefulness, I thought no more about it."

"If that be the case, dearest girl, and you are conscious that you have never sincerely applied for forgiveness, on the plea of Christ's merits, you are just in the same situation, with regard to God, as you were with regard to your father at the time you came from school. Doubtless, too, your heavenly Father yearns over you: he waits to be gracious, and is ready to meet you with words of peace; but he says, "Only acknowledge thine iniquity," Jer. iii. 13. He cannot, consistently with his perfections, treat you as innocent; you must come to him as a penitent."

"But, aunt, I tried to do so, yet I could not feel repentance."

"No; and such is the natural hardness of the unrenewed heart, that you never will, but by the power of the Holy Spirit. But do you think that you ought to feel it?"

"Oh! yes, aunt, I know I ought."

"Well, then, tell God so. Tell Him that you know it is a great aggravation of your early neglect of Him, that you feel no sorrow at the recollection of it—that this of itself deserves his wrath. Beg Him to cancel this sin, as well

as all the rest, for the sake of his Son, who died to save the lost; and to give you an entirely new heart. Do this, not once, nor twice, but persevere in prayer. Wait on God, as he has waited on you, and see if He will cast you out." Miss Milwood left the room, unable to say more.

From this time, Fanny began to seek the Lord with earnestness and hope, nor did she seek in vain. She became indeed a new creature, in feeling as well as in conduct. She confessed now with her heart, as she had done before with her lips, that she had sinned against God in thought, word, and deed, provoking most justly His wrath and indignation against her. She now received Christ as the only Mediator between God and man, and placed all her hopes of acceptance on his atoning sacrifice.

After a few months residence in the South her health appeared so much renovated, that her fond relatives began to hope that it was the Lord's will to spare her to them; but just as they were thinking of a return, a cold which she caught, brought on a relapse, and dashed all their hopes to the ground. Fanny's mind was now however, in a very different state

from what it had been on her first illness, and she received the summons to depart hence with cheerfulness and composure. She now felt that God had become, through Christ, her reconciled Father, and she could calmly and hopefully commit herself into his hands. After a few weeks illness, she died in peace, trusting wholly in Christ, and rejoicing in the salvation of God.

May neither the writer of these pages, nor any that may read them, be contented with a mere outward change, which is but as the sewing on of a new piece of cloth to an old garment; but may they seek that true conversion of heart, which begins in faith and repentance, the only right religion for a sinner.

For "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."

MORNING ADDRESS TO MY SOUL.

I.

"Come, my soul, thou must be waking—
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day.
Come, to Him who made this splendour,
See thou render
All thy feeble powers can pay.

II.

From the stars thy course be learning;
Dimly burning
'Neath the sun their light grows pale:
So let all that sense delighted
While benighted
From God's presence fade and fail.

III.

Lo! how all of breath partaking,
Gladly waking,
  Hail the sun's enlivening light!
Plants, whose life mere sap doth nourish,
Rise and flourish,
  When he breaks the shades of night.

IV.

Thou too hail the light returning,—
Ready burning
  Be the incense of thy powers;—
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
  With His care thy helpless hours.

V.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
  When thine aim is good and true:
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
  When thou evil wouldst pursue.

VI.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth—
He unfoldeth
  Every fault that lurks within;

Every stain of shame gloss'd over
Can discover,
  And discern each deed of sin.

VII.

Fettered to the fleeting hours
All our powers,
  Vain and brief, are borne away;
Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
Onward veering,
  To the gulf of death a prey.

VIII.

May'st thou then on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
  Pass away in slumber sweet;
And releas'd from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
  That far brighter sun to greet.

IX.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
His light refuse not,
  But still His Spirit's voice obey;
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendour breathing
  Fairer than the fairest day.

X.

If aught of care this morn oppress thee,
To Him address thee,
  Who, like the sun, is good to all:
He gilds the mountain tops; the while
His gracious smile
  Will on the humblest valley fall.

XI.

Round the gifts his bounty showers,
Walls and towers
  Girt with flames, thy God shall rear:
Angel legions to defend thee
Shall attend thee,
  Hosts whom Satan's self shall fear."

*"Then we began to select the most beau-
-iful buds & flowers, and present them to
Miss Austin."* P. 95.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL SCHOLAR A TEACHER.

The first recollections I have of a Sabbath-school, is of one that was formed in the place where my parents resided, when I was about ten years old. The place to which I refer, was in a section of the country then recently settled; and though towns and villages were fast springing up, it might well be called "the new country." For several years after our home was fixed, there was no "regular preaching;" but a village, four miles distant, joined our village in the support of a minister of the gospel, who preached alternately at each place. On the Sabbath, when we were without the presence of the minister, religious exercises were conducted by the officers of the church. One Sabbath, services were held in the building known to every body, as "THE BRICK SCHOOL-HOUSE." For we could not afford

to build a church, and as the school-house would comfortably contain the congregation, it was thought best not to incur a debt, but rather to submit to some humbling inconvenience.

How vivid in my memory is the Sabbath scene! How undisturbed the quiet that reigned around; how expressive of the *rest*, enjoyed by the whole community! The mill-wheel stood still; the busy axe no longer echoed through the neighbouring wood; the wearied cattle reposed lazily in the shade; and the village green, which a few hours before had been the scene of the merry sports of Saturday afternoon, was all quiet.

I can recall each family group as they drew near the simple sanctuary—the parents and children, the aged and the young—the pastor and his household. I seem to look again upon the large and beautiful village green, around which the dwellings of the inhabitants were built in a circle, and see the orderly and well-dressed congregation that trod the green sward, all verging to one spot, which served the villagers the double purpose of school-house and church.

The homely but well-filled wagons of the

farmer were not few in number, and as one after another drove to the porch of the "brick school-house," a large accession was made to the congregation within. It was wonderful to see how many persons these long vehicles would contain. The grand parents, parents, uncles and aunts were allowed chairs, which were used instead of wagon-seats, while children were packed in to fill up the vacant places, their heads peeping out like those of a young brood through the feathers of the parent bird, while the infants were carried in arms. Thus they came with their entire household. Ample provisions were brought for their noonday meal, for they usually "remained during intermission."

One such family group I well remember—it was that of good Mr. Manley. He was an old man, but his very aged mother resided with him, and was regularly brought in her cushioned chair, to attend public worship on the Sabbath. She was heavy and very infirm, and it was a difficult matter to help her to descend over the wagon-box and wheel, till she could stand upon a chair, which was held steady by one or more of her grandsons. "With feeble steps and slow," she then walked to her seat

near the desk, supported by her excellent son, and was placed where her dull ear could catch the words of eternal life. Good old saint! She has long since forgot all her decrepitude, and now without weariness or fainting, mingles unceasingly in songs of praise, with a multitude which no man can number in that Temple,

> "Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
> Where Sabbaths never end."

"The sound of the church-going bell," our woods and valleys had never heard, but the congregation were quite as punctual at the hour fixed for assembling, as those are who are warned of the approaching services by the deep-toned chime; and at our evening prayer-meetings, which were to commence at "early candle-lighting," the congregation all seemed to select the same time for this indefinite period, each family bringing a candle to aid in lighting the house.

I have said it was "the brick school-house," where was held during the week the district school; but how different were the advantages then to be obtained from those enjoyed in

schools of this kind at the present time. Our teacher was an excellent man, a minister, whose feeble health had made it necessary for him to give up the charge of a congregation. His influence over the children was of the best kind, and all improprieties were discountenanced by him, and shunned by his scholars.

But that I might receive a course of instruction not to be obtained at this school, I was, at the age of eight years, sent to the city of ———, to reside with my excellent grandmother. After I had been there about a year, this kind relative was removed by death, and I returned to my former home with my mother, who had been summoned to attend the death-bed of her parent.

I remember well being on board the steamboat, and the interest I took in things connected with this wonderful mode of travelling.

I recollect seeing my mother much engaged in conversation with a lady of very interesting appearance. Having spoken to this lady of the reasons for her having made a journey to the city, and the fact of my having been there for a year, my mother remarked that she felt more anxious than ever to secure for

myself and sisters the benefits of a good education, without sending us from home. With some members of my mother's family, this lady, whom I shall call Miss Austin, was well acquainted, and many of both her friends and my mother's, were known to each other. This conversation resulted in an offer, on the part of Miss Austin, to undertake the charge of the education of myself and sisters, provided her friends should accede to her wishes in this respect.

After our return home, no obstacles being found to the proposal, arrangements were made for receiving Miss Austin into our family, and in about five or six months after our meeting on board the steamboat, I was enjoying the instructions of this excellent teacher.

I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of the worth or merits of my beloved friend and instructress. Probably she had faults; but for years that she was a member of my father's family, we never found them out. She was a New England lady; a woman of good sense, superior talents, accomplished mind and sound piety. Providence directed my mother to a wise choice, when she selected Miss Austin as the governess of her daughters—and for

this, I, who so largely shared in her care; whose waywardness she so gently, yet so firmly reproved; whose habits she did so much to form; whose character she exerted her influence to mould—for this I can never be sufficiently thankful.

She arrived at my father's house about the middle of the week, in the month of May, and till the following Monday, she occupied herself mainly in becoming acquainted with her future pupils. We began to love her from the first moment of her arrival; and she seemed to feel a great interest in the new objects of her care. Indeed, I have no doubt she considered herself much in the light of a missionary to our part of the country; and that her efforts to do good were not confined to her pupils, will be shown as I proceed with my story.

On the Saturday afternoon after her arrival, (a beautiful afternoon at the close of May,) she said, "Come, Julia and Gertrude, get your bonnets, and let us take a walk. In Connecticut I have always been accustomed to walk every day when the weather would allow."

"Oh, Miss Austin, you are so very kind," said I—"we will walk down by the hazlenut grove, where there are so many thorn trees

in full bloom, that the air is perfumed with fragrance."

"Oh, no," said Gertrude, "let us walk to the hollow by the creek, for there are blue violets and white daisies in abundance, and such beautiful green mosses that look just like velvet."

"I dare say, my dear Gertrude," replied Miss Austin, "that your walk is a charming one; and next time we go out it shall be to your favourite spot; but to-day we will breathe the sweet air under the thorn trees, because Julia is the eldest, and expressed her wish first."

So we tripped along, the happiest of happy children, sometimes listening to the song of the robin, at others running from the path to gather a bunch of spring flowers, which were to be found growing on the sunny side of some stump or tree, and which we eagerly presented to Miss Austin, who frequently made inquiries of us as to the name of the family living in this or that log cottage, as they came in sight from time to time.

"There! Miss Austin, now you can smell the thorn blossoms," said I, inhaling the fragrant air, "and look! there are the trees.

See how white they are—one could almost fancy they are covered with snow. The branches grow so low that we must stoop to get under them, and we can pick beautiful bunches of buds—the half-blown buds are the prettiest; they look as if they are made of wax, and so do the little round buds."

In this way I continued in praise of my favourite blossoms, till we arrived at the trees. Then we began to select the most beautiful bunches of buds and flowers and presented them to Miss Austin. At last she said, "I can carry no more, dear children; and now I will lay these on the grass, while I trim your bonnets; but see how Gertrude has scratched her hand with a thorn. I shall be more prudent and keep on my gloves, and use my knife for these dangerous but beautiful flowers."

So saying, she began to cut long wreaths, which she fastened very tastefully around our hats; after which, looking at her watch, she said, "It is quite time we were on our way home, for tea will soon be ready, and then I will help you to get your lessons for to-morrow."

"Why, Miss Austin," said Gertrude, "to-morrow is Sunday."

"Yes, my dear, I know it," she replied. "I mean your Sunday lessons."

"But, we never get any lessons for Sunday in our schools," said I.

"But, surely, you and Gertrude go to Sabbath-school, do you not?" inquired Miss Austin.

"No, ma'am," said I, with increasing surprise, "we never have any school Saturday afternoon, nor Sunday. We go to church on Sunday, and when we are at home, we say the commandments and catechism to mother, and in the evening we read verses in the Bible aloud in turn.

"Yes," added Gertrude, looking towards Julia, "last Sunday, you know, we read about Ruth; and to-morrow we are going to read about Queen Esther."

But Miss Austin did not seem to hear what we were saying, for several times when I addressed a remark to her, she answered, "Yes, my dear," when I expected she would have said, "No:" so we stopped talking to her, because we perceived she was occupied with her own thoughts. What was she thinking about? We shall see presently.

And now does my reader wonder where

this place could be, in which I resided, that I had never heard of a Sunday-school?

It was a great many years ago, and though Sabbath-schools had been established in some parts of this country, they were by no means generally known. Only a small proportion of the children in each place attended these schools, and most of those who did, were such as did not attend school during the week, or were supposed to be destitute of religious instruction at home. Such children as did not know how to read were taught; and those who could read, learned verses from the Bible; but they had no question-books and no libraries, and but very little had been said or written on the subject of Sabbath schools in this country; and in the place where my parents lived, very few persons had ever heard of such an institution. My parents must have been informed of all that was doing in the country for this cause, but the minds of people generally were not prepared to enter into the Sunday-school plan with ardour, particularly in the remote parts of the country. I do not think I had ever heard of such a thing as a Sabbath-school, till Miss Austin put the question to me, which I just mentioned.

Our walk homeward was rather dull. Gertrude and myself talked a little, and I wondered what Miss Austin meant by getting lessons for Sunday; but soon some other subjects filled my mind, and I thought no more of it at that time.

Sunday came, and Miss Austin accompanied us to "the brick school-house." After we returned home in the afternoon, and had said our catechism and the commandments, as usual, I sat down to read some religious book. I remember reading about Dinah Doudney, and thinking I should like to be as good as she was; and from my present recollection of my feelings, I have no doubt that my mind was, at this and other times, deeply and seriously impressed with the importance of "remembering my Creator in the days of my youth." I used to go by myself and pray, and as I frequently had such seasons of seriousness, between the ages of four and ten years, I think, by God's grace, I might have become a Christian, had it not been that I noticed that all the good children I read about, died within a year or two after they became pious; and I reasoned from these facts, that there was a great probability that such would

be my case under like circumstances. Vanity whispered, that if this should be so, perhaps my memoirs would be added to those already on record; but even this idea did not reconcile me to the thought of an early death. Perhaps I did not know how many persons who are Christians in after-life, become pious in childhood; and I was so unthinking as not to consider, that if prepared for a better world, so far from its being desirable to remain in this, it was a great deliverance to be freed from the snares and temptations of the present life, and to be removed to a state of existence where "there shall be no more sin." Still, the fact was as I have said. I stifled every serious thought, every anxious feeling, as to my eternal salvation, and the adversary of souls took advantage of my mistaken views on this subject, and as frequently as the gentle voice of the Spirit of God called me to give my young heart to his service, he suggested the terrible reflection, "Ye shall surely die." In this way, I truly believe I was kept a long time in bondage, when I might have enjoyed that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free.

But to return to my story. When I laid down my book, Miss Austin called sister and myself to her, and said, "I want to tell you what instruction we have for children in M——, and many other places in Connecticut, besides attending church. We have what is called a Sunday-school, where children are taught to read and understand the Bible. They are placed in classes, and instructed by teachers who are willing to undertake this interesting and useful employment. I have been a teacher in such a school ever since one was established in M——, and I left a class of six as bright, intelligent little girls as I ever saw, to come and take charge of you; but I thought when I left home, that I should find a Sunday-school here; and yesterday, when I perceived by your answers and looks that this was not the case, I began to think of the best means of establishing one in this place. I looked around the school-house to-day, and saw enough children to encourage me to begin such a school, and I doubt not I should find teachers; and that your sister Eunice will lend her influence to this good work, by consenting to teach a class, and you and Gertrude must be scholars. Do you like my plan?"

"Oh, very much," said I, "may I be in your class, dear Miss Austin?"

"We will talk about that another time," replied Miss Austin.

"And may I go and tell mother?" said Gertrude. "I know she will be pleased; and may I tell Eunice that she is going to be a teacher?"

"Not quite so fast, my child," said Miss Austin, kindly. "You forget that Eunice has not heard of this plan, and would not know what you meant by saying that she was going to be a teacher. Besides, we wish to consult her in this respect, and not to dictate to her."

"Oh, she is so kind," said Gertrude, "and longs so much to do good, that she will be very happy when we tell her about the Sunday-school; and if Julia is in your class, I hope I may be in the one Eunice teaches."

"These are questions to be settled after many other things are arranged. First, I must consult your father and mother on this subject, and take their advice as to the prospect of success, and the best means of carrying our plan into operation."

During the Sunday evening, Miss Austin mentioned the subject to my parents. They

were not so confident of success as she was, but promised her their influence and assistance. Eunice, too, entered warmly into the project. She was at this time about sixteen years of age, and though not confined to school hours, she was pursuing a course of reading under Miss Austin's direction. She, as well as Miss Austin, were very confident of success; but my parents, who better understood the feelings of the people, told Miss Austin that she must be prepared for many rebuffs in her applications for scholars, and to have many objections raised to her plan.

"I am not easily discouraged," she replied. "We will get Mr. Gilbert to give notice next Sunday from the pulpit, requesting all who are in favour of the proposition to meet with the children at the school-house, the next Saturday afternoon; and in the mean time we will visit all the houses of such as will not be likely to hear of it otherwise, and make the same proposal. We must also engage teachers, and we will begin if we have but ten scholars. More will join us in time."

After tea, my father, as usual, read a sermon aloud, all the household being present, and then a season was appropriated to sacred

music. Our family were all singers, and my mother accompanied us with the piano. Those Sabbath evenings are among the most pleasing recollections of my childhood.

Monday morning our lessons began, and when the studies for the day were finished, Miss Austin proposed that we should take Gertrude's walk, to which we readily agreed. Here we found daisies and moss in abundance; and Miss Austin said this would be a good place to come for flowers when we were engaged in the study of botany.

Every day we loved Miss Austin more and more, and the least expression of her wishes alone was necessary to secure our ready compliance. We were anxious to have the Sunday-school begun. Mr. Gilbert gave the proposed notice on the succeeding Sabbath, accompanied with his commendation, and a short history of the institution; and urged upon parents the importance of securing for their children this opportunity for religious instruction.

During the intermission between the morning and afternoon services, the new project was the main topic of conversation among the various groups who, in consequence of the dis-

tance of their residences from the village, remained through both services.

A part of every day of the ensuing week was spent by Miss Austin in visiting those families in the neighbourhood, who were not in the habit of attending the Sabbath services at the "brick school-house." We found the children all desirous of joining the school; but many of the parents made objections. Mr. Briggs had not much opinion of Bible learning. He had rather his children would not hear much on those subjects, till they were able to judge for themselves, and then they could choose their own creed. Mr. Baker said he had been told, that this was to be a charity school, and for his part he was able and willing to pay for all the learning his children could get during the week, without having them schooled for nothing on Sunday. Mrs. Fenton said that she was thought a pretty good reader when she was young, and *guessed* she could read the Bible to her children, as well as the most of the new teachers could. While Mrs. Pond said, that if her eldest daughter, who was nearly fifteen, (almost a young woman,) was not thought worthy to be a teacher, neither she nor the younger chil-

dren should step a foot into that school as scholars.

These and various other objections were listened to by Miss Austin. She patiently answered their objections, endeavoured to remove their prejudices, and by her gentle and kind deportment and the affectionate interest she manifested in their welfare, she generally persuaded the most determined opponents to accede to her proposal. Some rather ungraciously said, as they bade Miss Austin "good day," "that as she was so pressing they would let their children come next Sabbath *to oblige her*, for if there was any thing about the school they did not like, it was easy to take them away." When thus much was granted, Miss Austin felt that her point was gained.

In the course of the week, Miss Austin was told that Squire Turner had said, that "she had better not come to his house to ask for his children as scholars, for if she did, he should give her a piece of his mind, and might be uncivil to her in his own house, which he should be sorry to be, and for that reason he hoped she would stay away." This was the last way to effect his object. The thought of children with such a father, and love for them,

united to a fearless, resolute trait of character, which with all her gentleness she possessed in an uncommon degree, prompted her at once to make a trial at this forbidden dwelling.

"Can the pony be spared to-day?" said Miss Austin to my father.

"Certainly," he replied. "On what good errand does he bear you now?"

"Oh," said she, "I am afraid you will think me very bold; but I am going to Squire Turner's to invite his children to come to the Sunday-school."

"Well, I suppose," said my father, "you are aware that you need the wisdom of the serpent, as well as the other requisite, which I must say you possess in a remarkable degree."

"I can but *try*," she answered, "and if I am repulsed, which I acknowledge I do not expect, I shall not grieve on my own account, but for him and his children."

A pleasant ride of two miles brought us to the pretty residence of Squire Turner.

"There is the Squire, coming to help you, Miss Austin," said I, and in a moment more we heard his rough but cordial "Good afternoon, ladies. Walk in—walk in. I will call

my wife and daughters." On entering the parlour, we met Mrs. Turner, who came in by another door. She was a plain, uneducated woman, and was said to possess very friendly traits. Her reception of Miss Austin was very hospitable, and we felt at once that we were received as friends. In a few moments, "the Squire," entered the room, and was introduced to Miss Austin. At the mention of her name he started, as if he considered her an unexpected, if not an unwelcome visitor; but after all, the expression of his countenance seemed to say, "Well, I like her looks, and am not going to quarrel with her." The conversation was general for a while; her opinion of the country was asked, and something of a contrast drawn between the new residence to which she had come, and "the land of steady habits."

"You must allow me to make an effort to introduce some Connecticut habits here," said Miss Austin, "or I am afraid I shall not learn to feel at home."

"Oh, if they are of the right kind," said Squire Turner, "I will vote for their adoption."

"I trust you will think mine of the right

kind, when I say, it is for the moral improvement of the youth of this vicinity. I feel as if it were necessary, in order to carry this into effect, that we have the co-operation of every parent, and especially of those who have influence in the community."

Without knowing it, Miss Austin had touched the right chord of the ambitious Squire. He liked well to have his opinion respected in the neighbourhood, and the idea seemed to strike his mind, that in opposing this plan, he should be in the minority; and he was too much of a politician to be often found in that predicament.

"I suppose you mean Sunday-schools," said Squire Turner.

"I do, sir," rejoined Miss Austin, "and I greatly hope that on Saturday next, when we meet to class the scholars, your children will be among the number."

"That shall be just as their mother says," replied the Squire, good humouredly; "and as all the ladies agree on this subject, I suppose it is not difficult to prophesy what her reply will be."

"My children are so anxious to be permitted to attend the new Sunday-school, that I

am quite willing to give my consent," said Mrs. Turner; "and if Saturday is a pleasant day, and the children are well, you may rely upon seeing them."

After some further conversation, Miss Austin rose to depart, and was urged to repeat her visit at an early day.

Saturday afternoon came, and "the brick school-house" was filled to overflowing with parents and children. The great difficulty was not to get scholars, but suitable teachers, particularly for the boys, although there were not half as many boys as girls. They were all arranged in classes, and to our great disappointment, neither Gertrude nor myself had a place assigned us under the teacher we had selected. Miss Austin said it was more desirable on some accounts that we should be under another teacher, and as we knew she had always good reasons for whatever she did, we did not urge our requests any farther. After the appointment of a superintendent, and a charge to the children to be punctual at the appointed hour, the assembly was dismissed.

This was the first Sunday-school I ever saw collected; but as I have said, its advantages were small compared to those of the Sunday-

schools of the present day. I believe all giving of tickets and books as rewards, is now universally relinquished. One great benefit, however, which we derived from that system of teaching, was the committing to memory large portions of the sacred Scriptures. To be sure, what we learned was not as critically explained to us as the Scriptures are now taught to children; but all we committed was lodged in the memory, to be the subject of future thought and reflection. In this school, I committed to memory the four Evangelists, several of the Epistles entire, and many single chapters in others; the book of Psalms and many other portions of the sacred volume, and so permanent has been the benefit I received from thus early committing so much of the Scriptures, that to this day I can repeat whole chapters without the least prompting.

Our Sunday-school grew in favour with the whole community. Constant accessions were made to it, from week to week, and in all the neighbouring villages, similar schools were established with equal success. Miss Austin gained the hearts of all who knew her, and the good she did in that portion of country, as well as that which she was the means of ena-

bling others to do, will never be fully known till that day, when the secrets of "many hearts shall be revealed."

The attendance of so large a number of children on the Sabbath, and also that of the parents, filled "the brick school-house" to overflowing; and the people of the village and its vicinity began to talk about building a church. To encourage them to carry this into effect, my father presented the congregation with a village lot, on which to build, engaging also to subscribe toward the building of the church.

The requisite sum was raised, much sooner than the most sanguine friends of the plan expected; and the building was commenced with a good deal of zeal, and in due time finished. It was a very simple building, but it appeared a spacious and beautiful edifice to us. All this being effected, we next determined to support a minister ourselves, and to have him settled over our church and congregation. This also was accomplished, and if it were the place, I should love to pay a passing tribute to the worth, the talents, and the devoted piety of him who ministered to us in holy things for many years.

* * * * *

Unexpected events brought about a change in my father's residence, and six years after we first enjoyed the instructions of Miss Austin, we were far from our woodland home, residing in a populous town. A short time before this change of residence, a wise Providence had withdrawn our dear Miss Austin from the scenes and occupations in which she had delighted, to the participation of higher and nobler enjoyments.

We had not long occupied our new home, when I was invited to become a teacher in the school connected with the church which our family attended. With much diffidence I consented, for I felt myself incompetent to undertake an employment which required intelligence, zeal, patience, and every other Christian grace. Miss Austin always spoke of a Sabbath-school teacher, as holding a very responsible station; and now that I had engaged in this duty, the thought was continually before my mind, that while I withheld my own heart from the duty to which I was endeavouring to persuade others, I could not expect the blessing of God upon my efforts; and that even if He in his mercy should benefit others by my means, I myself might be a castaway. All

this led me to greater earnestness in seeking salvation, and, subsequently, I made a profession of my faith in Christ, and united with his people.

I need not give a detailed account of the following years, during which I was a permanent teacher in the Sabbath-school; but I shall hasten to give an account of the last class it was my privilege to teach. It was composed of the oldest girls in the school, and was called the teachers' class. They were placed in this class, and instructed under the hope and expectation that they would be future teachers. Not one was professedly pious, and but one seriously inclined; but they were all well educated, intelligent girls, and had an unusually correct view of Scripture truth. It will be impossible for me to express the reluctance with which I consented to take charge of this interesting class, nor of the unfitness I was conscious of, for the station; but my objections were overruled, and I became their teacher.

To their credit I must record it, that their deportment was always such as to merit my warmest thanks. Their lessons were always carefully studied, and their attendance punc-

tual; while they listened to my instructions with an attention and seriousness worthy of a better teacher. But all this did not result in any such change in my dear pupils as I was greatly desiring and looking for. But the prospect became more cheering, and the first young disciple from the number of those committed to my care, was the very one who I should have selected as the least likely to be affected by religious truth. Not that she was trifling or inattentive, but she was the least intelligent member of the class. She never asked me any questions about the lesson, and did not appear so much interested in my instructions as many of the others. But "the wind bloweth where it listeth." Hannah Bradley became the subject of the renewing grace of God, when "I knew not that His Spirit was among us." One Sabbath morning, I was in the school-room early, but although few had preceded me, Hannah was one of this number. She did not observe my entrance, and I took my usual seat unnoticed by her. Her open Bible was on her knee, her head resting upon her hand; and as I turned towards her, I saw a tear fall upon the sacred page. A new hope sprang up in my heart, and mov-

ing quietly towards her, I took her hand and said in a low voice, "Hannah, may I hope that these tears are tears of penitence, perhaps, tears of joy?"

"I scarcely dare hope that I have cause for joy," replied she, "and yet I must say, that my mind is now as the sea after a storm; tossed, it is true, but not by the tempest. I never before knew what a wicked heart I have. I do not know why it is, that the words of this Bible, which are so familiar to me, never before conveyed such impressions to my mind as now."

I had never before heard her speak as many words in one sentence on any subject, for she was a timid girl, retiring and quiet in her disposition; but now "the string of her tongue was loosed," and she seemed to speak "out of the abundance of her heart," "as the Spirit gave her utterance." Our conversation was brief, but to both it was deeply interesting. I expected that now I should be gladdened by finding others in my class imitating the example which their associate had set them. But I was disappointed, and was thus led to acknowledge, that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God who show-

eth mercy," "that no flesh should glory in his presence."

It was nearly a year before another conversion occurred in my class. At that time, a revival of a most interesting character took place in the church of which I was a member. This was a revival of "pure and undefiled religion," free from fanaticism and extravagance; and as the fruits of which, numbers were added to the church of such as, we have reason to believe, shall be saved. At this period, after the lapse of ten or twelve years, I have never heard of one who has not "run well," and many who have gone home to glory, have departed, "witnessing a good confession."

The solicitude I felt for those under my immediate charge, will be well understood by every conscientious person similarly situated. Nor were my hopes disappointed, for in a few weeks, five of the ten members composing my class, gave evidence of having met with that change which is so appropriately denominated in Scripture, a passing "from death unto life." My anxiety for the other five whose hearts had remained unaffected, was greatly increased; but while *those* were taken, *these* were left; for

the harvest passed away—the revival season ended, and these *were not saved!* In the course of the succeeding year, one of this number, a lovely young Mary, chose the better part; and my desires for the conversion of those who did not avail themselves of the offers of mercy, increased in intensity as their numbers diminished. Four precious souls continued enemies to God, and were still so, when the time arrived that I was to resign my charge, and to bid farewell to these dearly cherished objects of my prayers, my efforts and my love. My future home was to be far distant, but I left them under the care of one, whom I felt to be far more competent to instruct them than ever I had been, and received from her a promise, that I should hear often through her, from my beloved pupils. But, in the course of two or three years from this time, all who had been connected with this class, while under my care, left it, either to take their turn as teachers, or to remove to other portions of the country. Three of the remaining four have since that time yielded their hearts to that reasonable service, which is perfect freedom. I know not that one of all this number attributed her first sound impressions to the instruc-

tions they received in the Sabbath-school. It is a question I never dared trust myself to ask, that boasting might be excluded.—To God be all the glory.

Ten years have now passed away, and all who composed my class are still among the living. I see or hear from most of them occasionally, and of the nine who gave themselves to the Lord, all are adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour. Two of them are the wives of ministers of the gospel, and are exerting an influence for good in the community where they reside. Many of them I know to be Sabbath-school teachers, and others are filling useful and responsible situations in life.

But I have spoken of but nine. Where is the tenth, who shared in my instructions? For some time I asked this question in vain. I heard that she left the class with unchanged feelings, and that she married; but for some time I remained ignorant of her place of residence. At length, I heard that she was living in a community which had been noted for its devotion to gaiety and worldliness, but that this place was, at that time, the scene of a revival of religion, and that many votaries of the world had listened to the voice of wis-

dom, and entered her ways which are ways of pleasantness, and her paths which are paths of peace.

"Is Maria of this number?" I eagerly inquired of my narrator.

"Alas! she is not! and what renders this the more to be lamented is, the fact that she is the subject of a disease, which it is feared will be attended with fatal results; but she is the same gay, heedless creature that she was when you knew her."

"Oh, that I could see her once more!" I exclaimed. "She was a motherless girl, and I was her Sabbath-school teacher." I had always felt deeply interested in her spiritual welfare, but could never enlist her feelings. I felt as if I must make one more effort to do her good; that I must expostulate with her once more. Who will do so, thought I, if her former teacher does not? She will, perhaps, listen to the voice that, in years past, so often besought her to remember her Creator in the days of her youth. Then, the painful thought arose in my mind, perhaps I had been less faithful to her than I was to some of the others. Was I sure I was guiltless, if that soul was at the last found among the lost? I hesitated no

longer, but without farther delay, addressed to her a letter in which I endeavoured affectionately to call her attention to those all-important subjects, which involved her eternal well-being. I told her that *now*, even at so late an hour, while the Spirit of God was calling one and another of her associates into the kingdom, *now* was an acceptable time for her to secure her soul's salvation. In short, I said all that affectionate solicitude and deep anxiety for her dangerous condition could prompt one to say; and I besought of her to reply to my letter; but I grieve to say, that I never yet have received intelligence from her or any one else, whether my letter ever reached her. All I could do for her was to commend her to God, who is able to renew the heart, and whose grace alone gives us a place among those who are sanctified. I utter the language which many a teacher may use among those she has taught in this Sunday-school—

> "When soon or late we reach that coast,
> O'er life's rough ocean driven;
> May we rejoice, *no wand'rer lost*,
> But all be safe in heaven."

THE ORPHAN CHILD,

AT THE GRAVE OF ITS PARENTS.

Oh! once I was the favour'd child,
  Of fondest father's doting love,
And once on me my mother smiled,
  With smiles—that seem'd from heav'n above.

And now in this dark grave they sleep,
  And tho' I pray—they cannot hear,
And I am left alone to weep,
  The child of misery and fear.

Yet oft as spring comes round again,
  And cheers me with its sunny hours,
I hie me to the grassy plain,
  And strew their grave with smiling flow'rs.

And tho' they wither—yet I feel
  As if a light beam'd o'er my gloom;
And gentle feelings o'er me steal,
  When love-brought off'rings deck their tomb.

For then I feel that God above,
  Smiles o'er those deeds, tho' poor and weak,
As evidence of orphan-love;
  Which words and flowers can never speak.

And then I weep—but then I think,
  As round this sacred spot I roam,
There is beyond the dark grave's brink
  Another, and a better home.

And there the helpless orphan's breast
  No longer heaves with bursting sighs;
And in that sacred home of rest,
  No tears will dim the orphan's eyes.

My parents are but gone before,
  And this sweet solace still is given;
My sorrowing life will soon be o'er,
  And we shall meet in yon blest heav'n.

"Look at this little short grave" said Grace; "it is like a bank of violets in full bloom"

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THE NEW GRAVE-YARD.

"Are you tired, dear Father," said little Grace Campbell, as she stood by her father, waiting for permission to take her usual place on his knee.

"Yes, my little daughter, I am rather tired to-night," replied her father, "for I have been standing all the afternoon."

"Oh, I am sorry, dear father," said little Grace: "What have you been doing to tire you so much?"

"I have been buying something for you, Grace."

"And for me too, father," said Anna.

"Yes," answered their father, "and for dear mother, and myself."

"What can it be," said Grace: I think it must be a new house, if it is for *all of us.* Is it father?"

"Yes, my dear, but it is a very small house. What the Bible calls 'the house appointed for all living.'"

"Why, father," said Anna, "I do not understand what you mean."

"Well, then," said Mr. Campbell, "you and Grace may bring your little chairs, and sit on each side of me, and I will tell you all about it."

"No, father," said Grace, "we will both sit on one side of you if you please, and then you can look at us both at once. Now, begin, father."

"You know where the burying ground is," said Mr. Campbell.

"Oh, yes, to be sure we do," replied both the children.

"Well, then, you have noticed how full it is of graves. It is not a large piece of ground, and it is the only grave yard that has ever been in use in the village. When it was first enclosed for this purpose, the village was very small, and a death did not often occur, but now it is quite full of graves, and the people of the village have selected a large portion of ground, for a new grave yard. A neat fence has been placed around it, and several wide gravelled walks are made, and shade trees

have been planted all about and within it. After all this was done, the land was divided into a great many little square lots, of a suitable size to admit of the burial of a family, and to-day these have been sold. Almost every man in the village, who has a family, was there, and I was surprised to see there some persons, who do not profess to think about preparation for "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and yet they were eager to procure what they considered a good situation for the resting place of the body. I heard quite a dispute between two such persons, who both wanted the same lot; and from the character of one of them, it seemed to me, as if he desired to be in a situation, where his tomb-stone and those of his family would be conspicuous from the public road; for he is a man who is never willing to be where he cannot attract notice. There was another man who chose that part of the ground where the view is the finest, and the opening through the trees such as to command the most extensive prospect.

Another person still, who I was surprised to see there, was one, who never wishes to hear any thing said about death; yet he seemed to

think it would not do, to omit giving attention to a subject of such general interest as this, when every one else was, in one sense at least, preparing for that event, which happeneth unto all. He stepped into the enclosure just as the sale was about to commence, and whispered to me a request, that I would purchase a lot for him; and when I asked him to select which he would have, he turned from the place, saying, "Any one—get one of the best—I do not care for the price," and he hurried from the scene. This man is never seen at a funeral, and always avoids those subjects which allude to sickness and death. Thus he thinks to put off the evil day.

Good Mr. White, was there too, who not only looked with composure at his narrow home, but remarked that the thought that he and all his family should rest together there, till the resurrection morn, was a very pleasant one. "As yet," said he, "death has made no breach, in my family circle, and as I have good reason to hope that they all have chosen the better part, I trust that when we as a family shall lie here, we shall be among those dead in Christ, who shall rise first."

On the Sabbath after the people of the village

had selected their places of burial, the pastor of the church where Mr. Campbell and his family attended, preached a very suitable discourse from the words contained in Job xvii. 1. "The graves are ready for me." In the course of his remarks, he spoke of death, as the punishment threatened and inflicted, on account of the sin of our first parents, the sentence being, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return;" in consequence of which all they and their posterity, have, generation after generation, passed from the earth, and all who are to be their successors, will, in like manner, lie down in the grave, "for all are of dust and all turn to dust again."

He then spoke of the effect of death on the body, remarking that a wonderful change is wrought in the curious frame of man by death, so that *that* which in life was active, useful, and capable of performing the desires of the mind, becomes, by death, inanimate and cold, and useless, so that all mankind have been willing to say, even in regard to the body of the most loved friend, as did Abraham of his wife, "Give me a burying place that I may bury my dead *out of my sight:*" and that the body once consigned to the grave becomes

the subject of decay, till in a few years it cannot be distinguished from the surrounding dust.

"There," continued the pastor, "all the distinctions of life end, all are on a level. The rich and the poor—the wise and the simple—the learned and the ignorant—the noble and the mean, quietly repose side by side. 'There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest—there the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the oppressor; the small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master,' they lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them."

He then alluded to the far more important change which comes upon the soul; reminding his hearers that death ended all opportunity for repentance, there being "no work nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave."

In allusion to the new place of burial, he remarked, "that those of his hearers who ended their days in this village, would probably repose in that place of tombs. That some in one year, some in five, more in ten, many in twenty, and all, with perhaps one or two exceptions, in seventy years, would sleep with the great congregation of the dead; while a

new assembly, both preacher and hearers, should meditate together within those walls, on the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the necessity of preparation for its close." Then he directed their thoughts to the resurrection, that glorious morn when the slumberers under ground shall wake. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." "Who, of this congregation," said the pastor, much affected, "that are so soon to be the inhabitants of yonder narrow house, who will be among those blessed ones who shall have part in the first resurrection? There, where 'friends, brothers and sisters are laid side by side,' in imagination, my heart is rent, by beholding at the first dread blast of the trump of the archangel, the heaving turf, the rising form of *some* from each family circle, *while others are left.* The parents—the infant children—perhaps a lovely daughter, who remembered her Creator in the days of her youth, in obedience to that sound, which shall re-echo from pole to pole, and be responded to from ocean's depths, are awakening from the long sleep of

death to everlasting life. At the second sound of the trumpet the remaining slumberers hear the call, '*Come to judgment*,' and rise also. There is a brother—a sister, who gave themselves to folly and worldliness, and vanity. Alas! alas! they rise to shame and everlasting contempt. God in mercy grant," added he, in earnest supplication, as he concluded his exhortation, "that all my dear people may 'so number their days as to apply their hearts unto wisdom,' that I be not called at the last to be a swift witness against them."

There were various opinions in the village as to the propriety of having a new burying ground. Mrs. Blake said, she was sure there was no need of it. It was true, she had not been to the grave-yard for some years, but there was plenty of ground unoccupied when she last saw it, and the village had been so healthy, it certainly could not be necessary to have a new one. "We never have any diseases prevailing here," added she, "and deaths do not often occur."

"Why, Mrs. Blake," replied the neighbour with whom she was conversing, "you mistake; there were four deaths last week."

"Not four!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake.

"Yes, *four!*" rejoined her neighbour.—"There was old Mr. Andrews."

"Oh, well, he was very aged, and it was no more than any one might expect that he should drop away," said Mrs. Blake.

"Well, then, there was Mrs. Pratt's baby."

"That was a poor feeble child, and had never been well since it had the measles. I am sure it was a relief to see it go. Nobody ever thought Mrs. Pratt would raise that child. But who was there died last week, besides these?" said Mrs. Blake.

"Why you know James Clark was buried on Thursday."

"So he was, I had forgotten him. But he died in consequence of a fall from his wagon, and an accident does not occur every day, and such a one may not happen in a long time. And what other funeral was there?"

"The widow Burns' daughter Jane," replied the neighbour.

"Poor girl," said Mrs. Blake, "I had not heard that she was gone. She has suffered a great deal, and for weeks the doctor has thought each day would be her last. But these are all unusual cases, you must admit."

"I do not know that they are," replied the neighbour—

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home."

"Not a week passes but several of the inhabitants of our village bid farewell to all earthly things. By accident—by old age—by the dangers attendant on infancy—by slow decline, one after another departs. Walk with me to the grave yard, Mrs. Blake, and as you thread your way between the thickly rising mounds, on which an instinctive feeling of reverence for the departed forbids you to tread, you will admit, that propriety demands a new resting place, for those who are so soon to lie down in death."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Blake, "I have an engagement;" and the neighbours parted.

But even those who had agreed to have a plan of a new burying ground, still continued to deposit the remains of their friends in the old and venerated place; particularly those families who had previously regarded it as pe-

culiarly hallowed ground, from having laid there one or more of their number.

When little Mary Thorn died, her father wished to have her laid in the new grave-yard, where he had a family lot, but her mother said, "Lay her by her dear brother and sister, let them sleep together—do not put her alone in that new grave-yard." This seemed to be the feeling of many, and for several weeks, though there were occasional deaths, no interment took place in the new cemetery. But when good Mr. Strong was laid upon his dying bed, he directed his son to sit by him, and write what he should dictate, beginning thus: "I give my body to the dust, to be buried in the new grave-yard, in this village, from whence I trust it will rise, a new, incorruptible and glorious body—to honour, glory and immortality, through the merits of Jesus Christ my Redeemer."

Oh, what an excellent man he was, and how much beloved, respected, and confided in, by the people of the village. After this, there were no burials except in the new grave-yard, and soon there were many mounds, and the grave stones and monuments stood at short distances.

Several years have passed since the lots were sold in the new burying ground, and it is now the most beautiful and interesting place of the kind, to be found throughout the country. After leaving the village, the road towards the grave yard, winds up a hill through a thick wood, amid beautiful evergreens, the emblems of immortality. A by-road leads to the summit of the hill, where on a level plat of ground, is enclosed the new grave-yard. Over the wide gates which so often unfold to admit some "new treasure" to the bosom of the earth, is an arch, on which is inscribed

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE."

Oh, what a consoling assurance is this which meets the eye of the mourner, who is following the loved form of a dear friend to the tomb. On the reverse side of the arch, the bereaved relatives as they depart from the new made grave, read,

"THE HOUR IS COMING IN THE WHICH ALL THAT ARE IN THE GRAVES SHALL HEAR HIS VOICE AND SHALL COME FORTH."

Comforting thought! blessed promise—they lie not here for ever—'tis only for a season—

the hour is coming when they shall come forth. Be comforted, mourner, for all such as rest in hope; when they rise it will be a resurrection to everlasting life.

Passing into the grave-yard, the visitor to these peopled, but silent mansions, finds himself in a perfect garden. Every little square of ground is luxuriant with shrubs and clustering vines and flowers. From the time that the blossoms of the crocus peep above the snow, till the frost nips the rich flowers of autumn, there is an uninterrupted succession of sweets. The busy hand of the gardener, who dwells among the tombs, keeps the place in perfect order. The grass is mown short, and is of the richest verdure—no rank weed is permitted to rear its head. No sacrilegious hand bears away the buds or blossoms from the garden of the dead. Where they bloom, there they wither; and here the rose, like the memory of the just, sheds a sweet perfume, even though dead.

And is it not right thus to ornament and beautify the place, where repose the loved forms of parents and children—brothers and sisters? In this spot, sacred to the memory of those, who when living where the delight of many

eyes, and whose removal left a blank in many hearts, never to be filled, should not all that is repulsive be overcome, as far as may be, and all that is soothing and tranquilizing be cherished? We are so constituted, that our minds must be affected by these external circumstances. Who that has accompanied the remains of some loved one to the tomb, on a dreary winter day, when the wind howled, and the snow fell thickly, drifting in deep wreaths around some neglected grave-yard, has not often recurred to the scene, with feelings of mingled desolation and loneliness? And, on the contrary, who that has consigned to the grave, a friend "whose life made of their life a part," amid the loveliness of nature, on a calm summer evening, has not in the retrospect been soothed and tranquilized, by the remembrance of so sweet a scene?

Nor are these ornaments of the new burying ground useful, merely as decorations. They have a voice which speaks in the language of inspiration, and conveys to the beholders an instructive lesson, in their different stages of maturity and decay. The flourishing shade tree, reminds the lingerer in this hallowed ground, of what the scripture saith of him,

whose delight is in the law of the Lord. "He shall be like a tree that bringeth forth his fruit in his season." Even the bright but short-lived flowers are mute instructors, and in the place where they stand, they say, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble—he cometh forth like a flower and is cut down." "As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and *it is gone*, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

Does the frost of autumn strew the ground with sear and yellow leaves? We are reminded that "we all do fade as the leaf." Or if on a bright spring morning the brilliant butterfly is seen passing from flower to flower, the rambler in this quiet garden finds himself repeating,

Shall Spring the faded world revive,
  Shall waning moons their light return?
Again shall setting suns ascend,
  And the lost day anew be born?

Shall life re-visit dying worms
  And spread the joyful insect's wing?
And oh! shall man awake no more
  To see thy face—thy name to sing?

Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears,
When Christ our Lord from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe was captive led,
And heaven with joy and wonder rang.

The trump shall sound, the dead awake,
From the cold ground the slumberers spring;
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise
And hail their Saviour and their King.

It was when the new grave-yard had arrived at this stage of cultivation, that Grace and Anna went with their parents to visit it.

"Oh, how many tomb stones!" said Anna, "and yet there are more graves, for some have no stones to them."

"Look at this little short grave," said Grace. "It is like a bank of violets in full bloom—and see this lovely white rose which covers the head-stone—see what is on it, sister."

Anna raised the bush, and a shower of snow-white leaves was shed upon the violet covered mound. "There is nothing," said Anna, "written on the stone, but these words:

"ELLEN:

SHE IS NOT, FOR GOD TOOK HER."

The children felt the deepest interest in looking at the little graves and reading the inscriptions, while their parents walked about the lowly beds of those who were once their friends and acquaintances, whose faces they should "see no more in the flesh." They paused at the grave of a lovely young person, who had been the instructress of the village seminary; over whose tomb, her affectionate and bereaved pupils had erected a stone, on which was inscribed the following lines:

She taught us how to live—and—oh, too high,
The price of knowledge—taught us how to die.

Near by, reposed all that was mortal, of one who died far from his home, over whom affection had reared a splendid monument. Its four sides were filled with a detailed account of his worth—his honours—and the elevated station he occupied in public life. How sickening is the vanity which leads friends thus to eulogize one who has paid nature's great debt, and is in the language of scripture, saying to corruption, "Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister!"

Not far from this, under a marble slab, was laid one, who "was the only son of his mother,

and she was a widow." What a satisfaction to read, "He rests in hope." No doubt He who restored to the widow of Nain, the stay of her old age, whispered words of consolation to this mother, precious to her bereaved heart. They, too, contained the same comforting assurance, "Thy son liveth." After spending an hour or more in this interesting spot, and lingering at that little portion of earth where they all expected to repose, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and the children turned their steps homeward.

During their walk, Mr. Campbell told the children of a youth who loved to visit the quiet home of the dead. His name was Herbert Knowles, and on one such occasion, he was meditating upon the scene where Christ was transfigured on the mount, and there appeared Moses and Elias talking with him. And Peter said, "It is good to be here; if thou wilt let us make here three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."

These reflections were the subject of the following lines, by this highly gifted youth, who soon afterwards was laid in the grave himself. His life had been eventful and unfortunate, till his extraordinary merits were dis-

covered by persons willing to assist him. He was then placed under a kind and able instructor, but ere long it pleased God to remove him to a better world. The reader will remember that these lines were written by a school boy who had not long been taken from one of the lowest stations of life.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

"*It is good to be here; if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.*" Matth. xvii. 4.

I.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build: but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

II.

Shall we build to ambition? Oh, no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away,
For see, they would pin him below,
In a narrow small house, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

III.

To beauty? Ah, no! She forgets
The charms which she wielded before,
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets,
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint that it wore.

IV.

Shall we build to the purple of pride?
The trappings which dizzen the proud?
Alas they are all laid aside:
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long-winding sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

V.

To riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid, in their turns shall be hid:
The treasures are squandered again,
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

VI.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board:
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here!

VII.

Shall we build to affection and love?
Ah, no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above:
Friends, brothers and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

VIII.

Unto sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve:
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love nor fear,
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

IX.

Unto death, to whom monarch's must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow:
Beneath—the cold dead—and around—the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

X.

The first tabernacle to HOPE we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to FAITH, which insures it fulfilled:
And the third to the LAMB of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both, when he rose to the skies.

OH! SPARE MY FLOWER!

Oh spare my flower! my gentle flower,
  The slender creature of a day!
Let it bloom out its little hour,
  And pass away.

Too soon its fleeting charms must lie
  Decayed, unnoticed, overthrown;
Oh hasten not its destiny,
  So like my own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,
  And sigh to find its playmate gone;
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,
  And meet with none.

Oh spare! and let it still outspread
  Its beauties to the passing eye,
And look up from its lowly bed
  Upon the sky.

Oh spare my flower! Thou know'st not what
  Thy undiscerning hand would tare;
A thousand charms thou notest not
  Lie treasured there.

Not Solomon, in all his state,
  Was clad like Nature's simplest child,
Nor could the world combined create
  One floweret wild.

Spare, then, this humble monument
  Of the Almighty's power and skill;
And let it, at his shrine, present
  Its homage still.

He made it who makes naught in vain;
  He watches it who watches thee,
And he can best its date ordain,
  Who bade it be.

On Stone by D S Quintin

P S Duval, Lith Phil^a

[Dear Reader.—We met a lady who has a school for nineteen little girls; and she said that these little girls had little missionary meetings among themselves, and that all the money they had saved in the last year, for missionary purposes, came to more than seventy-five dollars. We asked her to send us an account of these little meetings. She replied, "Indeed, I cannot recollect what the children say: you must go to sleep, and *dream* a number of little speeches: that will do just as well." As we could not manage this, we have tried to fancy what the little girls would be likely to say in their speeches, and have picked out a number of little true stories to put in them. We do not wish you to think any part true which is not. It is true about the little girls having a meeting, and the stories are true, but the way in which they are told is made up. I do not know where they held their meeting; but having read of another meeting, which was held in a garden, it seemed the pleasantest place in which to suppose that the little girls would meet.]

LITTLE GIRLS'

MISSIONARY MEETING.

You must try, my dear readers, to think that you see a pretty garden, with beds of flowers, and shady trees, and a soft green lawn. It is a beautiful afternoon in July. The roses and the mignonette scent the air, and there are some raised banks on which flowers are growing, and baskets in which geraniums and verbena are planted: there are birds singing sweetly in the trees, and sheep grazing in the meadow, and the beautiful green hills beyond seem to shelter the happy party, meeting there, from the bustle of a noisy world.

There are a number of little girls gathering together under the shade of a large tree. Sometimes the little ones sit up in the tree to learn their lessons; and now, as the weather is warm, they have taken off their bonnets, and hung them up in this same useful old tree.*

* This is a description of a real garden and tree.

The little girls seem very busy and very happy. They are going to have their missionary meeting. They have brought out chairs and stools from the house, and placed them in a circle. There is a table, and pen and ink for the secretaries, and there are missionary-boxes, and little bags of money on the table. There is a large globe, too; for the little girls like to find out the places to which the missionaries go. And they have a number of curious things which a kind friend, who lives in the neighbourhood, has lent them to look at for that day: there is the model of a canoe: a Chinese hat: there is one of the frightful idols which the poor heathen worship, and a battle-axe and spear; and a club from the South Seas, such as the poor savages of Erromanga used when they killed the good missionary, Mr. Williams; it is made of wood so hard that it is called iron-wood, and very heavy. There is another table behind covered with tea-things, and cakes, and fruit; for, after the meeting, some kind friends are coming to take tea with the children. These things are covered up very carefully, that the little, *very* little girls may not be tempted to look round till the meeting is over.

It was settled before the holidays, that each little girl, while at home, should try to find out all she could on some particular subject, that they might not all tell the same thing. Some had written down what they had to say; others, who had good memories, were to tell it in their own words.

Now let us listen to what the little girls are saying.

Annette. "Come, it is time to begin; let us all sit down."

Fanny. "My speech is ready."

Margaret. "And so is mine."

Jane. "And mine."

Agnes. "And mine."

Anna Maria. "Mother helped me."

Mary Anne. "And my father helped me."

Margaret. "Who shall be chairman?"

Fanny. "Chair*man*, Margaret!"

Margaret. "Well, chairwoman."

Kate. "I never heard of a chair*woman*."

Anna Maria. "No, because women do not have public meetings. It is not right for them to speak in public."

Margaret. "Is it right for us to have a meeting then?"

Anna Maria. "Oh yes, it cannot be wrong,

because we are all by ourselves; and, besides, we do not mean to get up and make set speeches, but only to say what we think, one at a time, that we may not interrupt each other."

Jane. "Who shall be in the chair then?"

"Oh, Phœbe," said several little voices. "She is as steady as a judge."

Fanny. "Yes, and very kind too."

(Phœbe placed in the chair.)

Then they sang a hymn, and each repeated a text, as follows:

Mary Anne. "'Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands; they have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not: they have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat: they that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them.'"—Psalm cxv. 4. 8.

Edith. "'He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus.'"—John i. 41, 42.

Anna Maria. "'And many of the Samari-

tans of that city believed on him, for the saying of the woman.' "—John iv. 39.

Jane. "'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' "—Mark xvi. 15.

Agnes. "'And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.' "—Mark xvi. 20.

Elizabeth. "'And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.' "—Acts v. 42.

Margaret. "'He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.' " —Isaiah xl. 11.

Mary. "'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' "—Luke xviii. 16.

Fanny. "'He shall save the children.' "—Psalm lxxii. 4.

Two or three little girls—"That is not all, Fanny."

Fanny. "That was all Mr. —— took for his text, so I need not say any more."

Kate. "'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.' "—Isaiah xxxv. 1.

Sophia. "'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'"—Isaiah xi. 9.

Grace. "'And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord.'"—Jeremiah xxxi. 34.

Christiana. "'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else. I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.'"—Isaiah xlv. 22, 23.

Lucy. "'He must increase.'"—John iii. 30.

Emma. "'Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.'"—Psalm ii. 8.

Eliza. "'He shall have dominion from sea to sea; and from the river unto the ends of the earth.'"—Psalm lxxii. 8.

Ellen. "'His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun,

and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed.' "—Psalm lxxii. 17.

Annette. "'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' "—Eccles. ix. 10.

Phœbe. "'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.' "—Daniel xii. 3.

The secretary then read the Report.

"We are glad to be able to say, that we have more money this year than we had last. The produce of the missionary-boxes, subscriptions, and collecting cards filled at home during the holidays, altogether amount to ninety dollars. From this sum we have to give twenty dollars towards the support of two orphan children in India, leaving a balance of seventy dollars to be paid to the Missionary Society. As this, however, is not much for each of us, and our clothes, and books, and play-things, cost *much* more than this, we hope that we shall all try to save and to collect a great deal more next year, for the poor children, who have no schools nor books as we have."

Phœbe. "Now, Mary Anne, tell us all about the idols."

Mary Anne. "Do you remember that old school-book of ours, about the gods and goddesses among the Greeks and Romans? There were so many of them, I am sure no one could ever remember them all; but they are nothing to the numbers we hear about among the heathen now; so you must not expect me to tell you about all of them, though I may tell you, as Phœbe said, 'all about them.' How many should you think there are in India alone? Three hundred and thirty millions! And there are a great many in the South Seas, and in China, and other places. Some of these gods have hardly any shape. You know those wooden dolls we used to have when we were very little: they looked pretty well when they were dressed; but when we undressed them they had no legs, and the body had corners; and when we pulled the cap off, the head had no shape; but these would have been quite beautiful by the side of some of the gods of the heathen. They are just pieces of wood, with hardly any shape to them. Some that are better shaped, are so ugly, that one is quite ashamed to look at them. Some are the most ridiculous things. The idol that the

Hindoo children are taken to worship before they go to school, has four arms, an elephant's head, and a man's body, and rides upon a great rat. I have a little picture at home of another, with a woman's face, a horse's body, two tails, (one of a cow, and the other of a peacock,) goats' horns, and birds' wings, with ornaments round its neck, and bracelets on its legs. Some have skulls hung round their necks, and knives in their hands, to show that they like people to be killed. Some of the heathen worship the sun and moon and stars; some worship fire; some the river Ganges; some worship bulls and cows, and serpents, and frogs, and even insects. When we see those ugly and ridiculous gods, which the missionaries send over for us to look at, I am afraid we are too much inclined to laugh at them, instead of thinking what a dreadful thing it must be to see men and women and little children all kneeling down to pray to these ugly images. I have read about one good missionary's wife, who went from Scotland to teach the little girls in India; and the first time she saw the poor people all bowing down in an idol temple, she

was so shocked that she almost fainted, and would have fallen, if her husband had not held her. Then the stories which the heathen are taught to believe, are so foolish, that in time they cannot see what is right and what is wrong, as we can; and these stories are so wicked, that the missionaries say they cannot tell us about them; and they wish they had never heard them, because their thoughts are sometimes quite troubled with these horrid things; and the people are taught, as their gods are cruel and wicked, they may be cruel and wicked too—that their gods may be pleased, and that their souls may be saved. I never heard of a good god, or a kind god, among the heathen: the people only worship them because they are afraid of them, or because they want the god to do something for them. They cannot love their gods. Some worship devils; and, indeed, if we could know what devils are, I think they could not be more wicked than the false gods of the heathen. Did you ever try to think how many there are who worship these idols? Besides one hundred and forty millions of people who trust in the false prophet Mahomet, there are, at the very least, four hundred and fifty-five millions

of Pagans. Once I heard a missionary preach, and he said if we were to try to think of them as lost souls passing through the place where he was preaching, not shining brightly and singing sweetly like the angels, but dimly and darkly and silently coming in at one door, and going out at the other; if sixty passed every minute, it would take nearly twenty years for these six hundred millions to pass by. Then this is only six hundred millions once told; just those who were living on the earth at one time. How many, *many* more must have died and gone since this world was made! and oh! if we could but see the misery of one lost soul, I think it would almost distract us to think of the many millions that may be in the same misery. Does it not show what hard and wicked hearts we must have, to think so little about them?"

Jane. "I have been thinking of one thing, while Mary Anne has been talking, and that is, that among the six hundred millions she has been talking about, there are a great many little children. What made me think more about this was, because I have been reading about the cruel way in which the heathen treat their children, and particularly their little girls.

They kill so many of them, that it is difficult to tell how many. Before missionaries went to the South Sea Islands, three out of four of the children were supposed to have been killed. In India, if the fathers think they shall not find men of their own rank to marry their little daughters, they have them killed. In one tribe of twelve thousand, there were, at one time, only thirty women; all the rest had been killed: and if this was only in one tribe, how many there must be all over India! In China it is much the same. In Africa they are sometimes buried or burned alive. In the South Sea Islands they used to bury them alive, or break all their joints. In India they are sometimes left in the woods, to be starved to death, or for the jackals and vultures to eat: sometimes they are thrown into the river, and sometimes a mother will take her little babe, and wait on the brink of the river till she sees an alligator coming, and then she throws her babe into the alligator's mouth. If the baby smiles, she thinks her god is pleased."

Fanny. "Cruel, wicked woman!"

Jane. "Ah, Fanny, she knows no better: besides, sometimes she does it out of love to

her little child; she does not wish it to live to be as miserable as she is."

Anna Maria. "I do not think you will be so much surprised, Fanny, if you should know how the poor women are treated.

"Our fathers love our dear mothers: they give them the best seat, always help them first, give them their arm to lean upon when they walk, pay them all possible respect, teach us to obey them, and would be very much displeased if any one were to treat them rudely; but it is not so among the heathen. In Africa they are made to do all the hard work, while their lazy husbands eat, smoke, sleep and enjoy themselves. The woman cooks her husband's food and makes his sweetmeats: she must not eat with him, but, after he has done, she may take what he chooses to leave for her in another room. If she does not cook his food to please him, he may beat her, or turn her away, or get another wife, or leave her, never to return; and in some countries he may even kill her, without being punished. The men think it no harm to ill-use their wives. A man at Monghyr, in India, had murdered his wife, and was condemned to die. When he was visited by the native missionary, he

said, 'I have done no harm—I have only killed my wife—why should I be hung for *that?*' When the poor wife gets old or sick, no kind husband and children stand round her dying bed, to wait upon her, and to weep over her. She is turned out of doors, or left in some outhouse to die alone, or perhaps laid on the river's brink, to be washed away.

"Before the English conquered India, the widows used to be burned alive, or buried alive with the dead bodies of their husbands; and in some parts, which do not belong to England, this is the custom still. If the husband is a great man, he has many wives, and then several are burned with his dead body. The eldest son sets fire to the pile of wood on which his mother is laid; and if she has no son, her daughter must do it. Once there was a poor mother who had several little children. She came, holding her little son by the hand, and had to wait a long time while every thing was getting ready. When she was just going to get upon the pile of wood, she began to be afraid, and to think about her children. Her little boy cried when he saw that his mother was frightened, and he said he would not set it on fire; but the priests and the people

made her get up, and obliged him to set fire to the wood."

Elizabeth. "Among some islanders, the aged and sick are left to die alone, or are buried alive, or thrown into a river to be food for the sharks. One poor girl, between seventeen and eighteen, a servant of the queen Rewa, was sick: the queen said, 'Throw her into the river to the sharks; she is of no use to us.' The poor girl escaped, and found her way to the missionaries. They nursed her in her sickness, but could not cure her.—She lived a few weeks—just long enough to learn the way to heaven. Sometimes they will kill five, ten, or twenty men, as sacrifices to their gods, and use the skulls for drinking-cups. One time, after a war, two hundred men, women and children were killed. Some of the children were set as marks for other children to shoot at with their arrows: some were cut, limb from limb, till the trunk languished and died."*

Agnes. "Elizabeth has told us about the cruelty of heathen parents. I could tell you about the cruelties of heathen children. I do not mean that heathen children are naturally

* Speech of Rev. Wm. Cargill, at the Wesleyan Missionary Meeting in London, May 1841.

more cruel than other children. When they are taught to love Jesus, very often they seem to have as much feeling as other children; but heathenism generally makes them cruel. In India, children will often bring their old and sick parents to the brink of the river Ganges to die, or to be washed away by the tide; and sometimes they will stuff their mouths with mud, to make them die sooner. At some place in South Africa, one of the missionaries tells us, that an old man and his wife had been carried away to the top of a precipice, and left to die of hunger and cold. Mr. Read obtained leave to send them food, but he could not get leave to bring them into the village again. Next day their son came to Mr. Read, and complained of his having fed them, and kept them alive. He said he wanted to leave home, and he could not go till his father and mother were dead. They got well, and came back to their house, and the good missionary preached Christ to them.

"It is not only among the people who are quite savage that so many cruel things are done, but in almost all countries where they are not Christians. Many of the Mahomedan nations live in great state, and think them-

selves very polite people, but they treat their wives ill, and have many horrid punishments. So it is in China."

Fanny. "It makes one sick to hear so many dreadful things."

Phœbe. "Yes; but you know, if no one hears about them, no one will try to prevent them."

Sophia. "I am going to tell you a little, a *very* little, of the change the Gospel makes in these poor creatures. Mr. Moffat, a missionary, who has been twenty years among the Bechuanas, in Africa, says, that when he first went to them, and for many years after, they were thieves and liars and murderers. Parts of their country were strewed with human bones. They wore scarcely any clothes, and never washed themselves. The men had no feeling, and they would sooner have died than have been seen to shed tears. When the blessed word of Jesus began to touch their hearts, then the cruel old murderers began to feel, and to weep; and often the missionary was stopped in his sermon by their sobs. The women began to wash, and to wear decent clothes; and the men would say they hardly knew their own wives, for they had become

new creatures. I should like to tell you more about them, but it would take too long. And of the Tambookies and Hottentots, the missionaries say it is pleasant to see these once idle savages now busy in ploughing and gardening —luxuriant fields where there had been almost deserts, and where lions only had been used to roam: to see troops of the black and brown Africans busily occupied in their fields and gardens: water-courses are dug to water the land; and, besides corn and potatoes, peach, apple, apricot, and walnut-trees may be seen to grow there. Some have learned trades, and have become smiths, carpenters, bricklayers and thatchers.

"When they become Christians, they learn to love their children. When the children in the schools in the South Seas are examined, the missionaries say, you can tell the father and mother of the child who is speaking, by the joy in the father's countenance, or the tear in the mother's eye. The children, too, learn to love their parents. At a missionary station in South Africa some of the Fingoes were converted. 'Then,' writes the missionary, 'they began to weep over their unbelieving parents and relatives; and one, named

Klaas, sometimes could not speak for sobs. Afterwards a number were to be baptized, but it was thought better for Klaas to wait. He was so distressed, that his eyes were almost always full of tears, till he heard that his old father was a candidate for baptism; and then he was so delighted, that he was quite consoled for his own disappointment."

Christiana. "What bitter sorrow these poor people must feel after they become Christians, to think of the wicked things they did while they were heathens! When a father or mother thinks of having killed a little daughter, or a husband of having murdered his wife, or a son of having set fire to the wood that was to burn his mother, I think their hearts must be ready to break. Mr. Williams writes that he once went to see the wife of a chief in the South Sea Islands. She was dying, and sent to beg that he would come. When she saw him, she said, 'O servant of God! tell me what I must do.' He asked why she was in such trouble. She said, 'Oh, my sins, my sins; I am about to die!' He asked what sins they were that made her so unhappy. She said, 'Oh, my children! my murdered children! I am about to die, and I shall meet

them at the judgment-seat of Christ.' Mr. Williams asked how many she had killed, and she told him. He told her that she had done this when she was in a heathen life; but this did not comfort her, and still she repeated, 'Oh, my children, my children!' Mr. Williams told her how Jesus came into the world to save sinners; and then she began to take comfort. She lived eight days, and died in the hope that her sins, though many, would be forgiven.

"How very sorry, too, those children must feel, whose fathers and mothers died before the missionaries came. Mr. Moffat saw an African woman crying very much, and he asked her why she cried. 'Oh, my mother, my own dear mother;' and she paused and sobbed as if her very heart would burst. Mr. Moffat said, 'What is the matter with your mother?' This daughter had been born in a distant part of Africa, and carried away captive when she was a child. She held up the Gospel by Luke to Mr. M., and answered him, 'My mother will never see this book; my mother will never hear the glad sound that I have heard; the light that has shone on me, will never shine on her; she will never taste that

love of the Saviour which I have tasted. My mother, oh, my mother!' Should not this make us very anxious to save them from such sorrow?"

Fanny. "Oh, do let me tell a little about the schools. You cannot think how much the children like to be taught. In many places they learn much quicker than among us. At Sierra Leone all the people attend the Sunday-schools, and as the grown-up people cannot all go to school in the week, husbands and wives may be seen standing round their little teacher, who is sometimes not more than ten or twelve years old.* I think the orphan schools in India must be the most interesting of all. How pleasant it must be to see so many dear little girls who would have been starved to death, or killed, and cut in pieces, or sold as slaves, all reading or working together, looking so happy, and singing so sweetly the praises of Jesus! I read a letter about them from a missionary's widow, who has an orphan school at Madras. She says the little girls are orphans, from four to twelve years of age, with bright and gentle countenances; that they are very grate-

* Missionary Register, January, 1840.

ful and affectionate, and very kind to the little ones. If a little one falls down, four or five of the larger ones will run to help her up, and do all they can to comfort her. Sometimes when they are left alone they will read and pray together. I have seen several pretty letters that orphan girls have written to friends who pay for their education. That is all I have to say."

Phœbe. "We have forgotten the resolutions."

Kate. "What are they?"

Fanny. "Long things that nobody understands."

Phœbe. "Hush, Fanny! Fanny!"

Margaret. "Have not you seen those great pieces of paper which all the gentlemen read before they speak?"

Fanny. "Yes, but we never knew what they meant."

Phœbe. "I suppose they mean that the people at the meeting *resolve* to do something to help the Society."

Kate. "Oh, if that is all, we can just as well make them now, and better too, after we have heard all about it."

The little girls talked the matter over a little, and then passed these resolutions :—

1. We will all pray for the ignorant in our own and other lands, and do all we can to supply their wants.

2. We will ask God to teach us to do a great deal for them.

3. We will not buy cakes, and sugar-plums, and toys, and trinkets, but save the money for some benevolent purpose.

4. We will often read books about the heathen and the missionaries, and ask our fathers and mothers to tell us all they know.

5. We will talk to our brothers, or write letters to them about this.

6. We will take pains with our lessons, that we may be able to go and teach the ignorant, if God pleases, when we are grown up.

"Now, Phœbe," said some of the little girls, "you should make a speech." "The chairman ought not to be excused from a speech," said all.

Phœbe. "Indeed, I cannot think of much more to say. I hope we shall all remember what we have heard this afternoon. What happy little girls we are with our kind fathers and mothers, and ministers, and schools, and

in a country where nobody can hurt us! Should we not be glad if all children were happy too? This is just what our dear Saviour wishes, and how glad we should be, that even while we are so young, we may help to make them happy. We must leave off now, for our company will soon be here, and we must get ready for them."

And now the little party broke up, and some of them began to be very busy, preparing for their expected visiters. Some were bringing more seats from the house, and placing them in the prettiest situations; one was gathering a nosegay for her minister, and another for her teacher; some were placing the cake in baskets, and the fruit in dishes, and ornamenting it with flowers and vine leaves; while others were getting tea ready. As however some were not wanted, and the work of others was soon done, they began to cluster together in little knots, and to get into chat. Several were collected round Fanny, who had had the unusual treat of going with her parents to attend the anniversary meetings, and had only just returned to school.

"How did you like the meetings, Fanny?" said they.

Fanny. "Not near so much as the meetings we have once a year in our little town."

"Why not?"

Fanny. "Oh, they were so *very* long, I got *so* tired; and the speeches were so difficult, I could not understand them. Now and then we had a short speech full of stories; and it was very pleasant to see so many good people all together."

"Is that all you have to tell us, Fanny?"

"Oh, no," said Fanny, and she began to make a great many remarks about the dress of the ladies, the fringes and flounces, the tassels and bows, the feathers and flowers, that she had seen, and how much neater and prettier the bonnets and dresses would have looked without so much finery, and how much money might have been given to supply ministers and books to the destitute, and Sunday-schools.

Phœbe caught a little of this as she was passing, and said, "What's all this about, Fanny?"

Fanny hung her head, and did not answer; she felt that her tongue had been running on too fast.

Phœbe. "Fanny, dear, it is not right for us

to make so many remarks upon people who are older than ourselves. Besides, you do not know what excuse these ladies could make. Perhaps some of the fine things you talk about were given them by their friends, or perhaps their fathers or husbands made them dress so; or perhaps their mothers had not taught them to dress plainly, as our mothers do; but when they were little, made them wear sashes, and necklaces; and so made them to love finery. And then we do not buy our own dresses. Perhaps if we had money to buy clothes, we should spend it just as foolishly."

I do not know whether any of the little girls thought of the money they had spent in cakes and oranges, burnt almonds, barley-sugar, and so forth; but I believe some of them began to recollect some sixpences that had not been spent to much better purpose.

Phœbe. "We must all make up our minds to dress very neatly when we grow up, and we must not try to think and care about dress now, except to be always very tidy. We may pray that God will put it into the hearts of all his people to deny themselves, and to delight in giving to his cause; but our chief business is, to see that we do all we can ourselves."

Margaret. "I should so like to go and teach the poor little girls, who have no books or teachers, or even to go to the heathen."

Edith. "And so should I, very much, only sometimes I am afraid I shall never be fit. I think one ought to be so very *very* good to be a teacher of others."

Margaret. "Yes, indeed, or we should soon be tired, or should do something that would make them think that our religion was not good."

Edith. "Mother says I shall teach by and by in the Sunday-school, and that I may have some of the little girls on Saturday evening, to teach them to write and to sing. Then I shall tell them stories about the heathen."

Margaret. "And we mean, once a fortnight, to have a little party of the best girls in our school, and make frocks and pinafores, and get money for books and schools."

Edith. "But perhaps we may not live, dear Margaret."

Margaret. "I hope we shall. I should like to live a long time to serve God."

Edith. "But we could serve him better in heaven: we should never get tired there, and never sin there."

Margaret. "No, but I should like to know that all the poor ignorant heathen were going to heaven too: we could not do any thing for them if we were in heaven."

How much longer the two friends would have gone on talking, if they had not been interrupted, I cannot say, as they both jumped up at the sight of their minister, with two or three other friends, coming towards them. The little ones clustered round him, and the elder ones welcomed him with smiles. It was his birth-day; and though they had been so busy about other things, they had not forgotten him. Phœbe had made him a purse, and Fanny a spectacle-wiper; and little Mary a thin black pincushion filled with pins. Some of the girls had hemmed a white pocket-handkerchief, and marked it with their hair. How pleased they were to make tea for him, and to wait upon him, I shall leave my young readers to guess. After tea they again formed a circle around him. He made them tell him what they had been doing, and some of the stories that they had heard; and then he told them two or three more. I cannot repeat to you all that he said; but he ended in this way:—"I am glad to see you so much interested about

the heathen; but I hope, my dear children, you will not forget your *own* souls. You must give your own hearts to Jesus, and then you will be ready to live or to die, to serve Him in this country, or in other countries, or in heaven, just as He pleases. I hope some of you have done so, but I am not sure about all. I want you all to be under the good Shepherd's care: I want you to be the lambs of Jesus. I am getting old, and perhaps I shall not be with you much longer; and oh, how I should like to know that not one will be missing from the right hand of the Judge at the great day of meeting. Do you think I shall meet *every one* there? What says my little Fanny?" But Fanny's head was down, and her tears were falling fast on her lap. They knelt to pray:—"O heavenly Father, may all these dear children be *thy* children. May each one hear thy voice saying to her, 'My daughter, give me thy heart!' Blessed Jesus! gather these lambs into thine own safe and happy fold: let not one be lost; let not one be suffered to wander from thee; but guide them with thine eye, and shield them with thine arm, till thou hast brought them to thy fold above. We, their pastors and their parents, cannot always be with them,

but we would bring them to thee, and trust them to thy tender care. We pray that they may be enabled to carry on thy glorious work when we are sleeping in the dust. Let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

THE PET PLANT.

A florist a sweet little blossom espied,
Which bloomed, like its ancestors, by the road side;
Its colours were simple, its charms they were few,
Yet the flower looked fair on the spot where it grew;—
The florist beheld it, and cried, "I'll enchant
The botanical world with this sweet little plant—
Its leaves shall be sheltered and carefully nursed,
It shall charm all the world, though I met with it first
Under a hedge."

He carried it home to his hot-house with care,
And he said, "though the rarest exotics are there,
My little pet plant, when I've nourished its stem,
In tint and in fragrance shall emulate them,

Though none shall suspect from the roadside
it came;
Rhodum Sidum I'll call it—a beautiful name—
When botanists look through their glasses and
view
Its beauties, they'll never suspect that it grew
Under a hedge."

The little pet plant, when it shook off the dirt
Of its own native ditch, began to grow pert,
And tossed its small head, for perceiving that
none
But exotics were round it, it thought itself one;
As a field-flower all would have said it was fair,
And praised it, though gaudier blossoms were
there;
But when it assumed hot-house airs they saw
through
The forced tints of its leaves, and suspected it
grew
Under a hedge.

In the by-ways of life, oh! how many there
are,
Who are brought, as by chance, into notice
and care,

Assisted by talent or beauty, grow rich,
And bloom in a hot-house instead of a ditch!
And while they disdain not their own simple stem,
The honours they seek may be honours for them;
But when, like the pet-plant, such people grow pert,
We soon trace them back to the weeds and the dirt
Under a hedge.

THE END.